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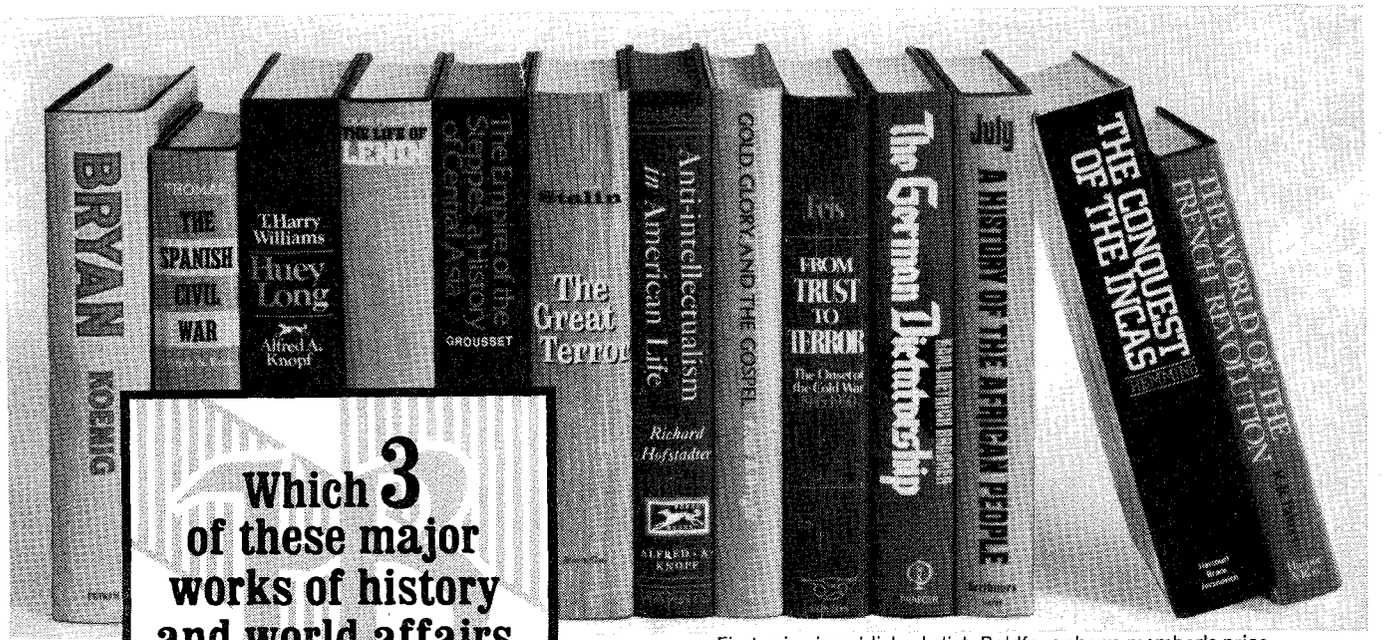


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# TRB

from Washington ®

## Insomnia

It is cold these nights and I wake up at 3 am and snap on the electric blanket. Then I try to get back to sleep. Mr. Nixon is going to Peking and to Moscow and everything is all right with the world. But then I think about those antiwar young people huddled on the stone pediment of the fence before the White House. That does it. One minute past three. It must be cold under the yellow street lamps with the occasional car and guards with radios changing place every four hours, and the fountain. What are they doing out there? What am I doing here in bed?

They are the last remnants of the antiwar demonstrations. They keep their vigil 24 hours a day, rain or shine, hot or cold. They have been at it about 150 days now. They are quiet; they don't cause disturbances. They are under the auspices of the Quakers but most of them, I think, are not Quakers. They are uncouth enough, about as uncouth as college students, and most of them wear jeans, and the boys wear long hair mostly, and some have beards that make them look like Sophocles or Jove or Jesus. Some wear sandals and they might be hippies except what hippies would stay out in front of an iron fence night and day for some preposterous cause?

There have been antiwar demonstrations in this town since 1965 and some of them have been huge and one of them caused the White House to be barricaded off by buses parked around it bumper to bumper while half a million paraded and the President announced stoutly that he wasn't going to be stampeded or see the leaders, and was going to watch the football game on television.

And this is all that is left. A group of 30 or 40 or so. They take turns in shifts, maybe six or eight hours each. There are no rules; it is all voluntary; they can come or not as they want; they sleep at a friendly settlement, or over at the William Penn House, 515 East Capitol. It is called the Quaker Vigil. People like this always take contributions. Their flier says make checks out to William Ralph Walker, whoever he is.

"The worst time is when it rains," says Paul Goodwin. He is an ex-sergeant from Vietnam and wears an army fatigue jacket. "When it's cold you can walk around. But rain! – we had a dozen or so one night when it rained. We only had ponchos for a few. Well, we just got wet."

"Any pneumonia?"

"No, just a sniffle or two."

They used to do things like that in the Middle Ages. Make a vow to hang a chain between mountains, or pledge something to a monastery or just perform their juggling tricks before the painting of the Madonna. They did their thing. As I lie in my bed with the warmth coming up now from the electric blanket I wonder about them. Sensible people don't act that way. It must be something they feel; something important. They hate war. They imagine they are doing something about it.

This morning I talked to a boy with red hair, that hasn't been cut, I guess, for half a year, who said, "Just call me Mike." He has been hitchhiking from California. Has been on the road a long time but came to a halt here. He liked it—men, women, blacks, whites—they seemed to respect each other.

Like Gene Williams, a Negro, from Chicago. He was more articulate. "For something I believe in—peace," he said. Gene wears an army jacket with a captain's bars, and was in an artillery tank division. "You know," he says as though he were telling me something I wouldn't believe, "all the letters home in my unit had to come to me and I had orders, if any of them complained in their letters, to bring it to the attention of the authorities. Can you imagine that."

The group had a few signs: "Dear Mom and Dad—Your silence is killing me . . . in Vietnam, on campus, in the Streets." The longest one was spread out like a scroll and began, "We utterly deny all outward wars and strife. . . ." It was signed "George Fox, 1st Quaker; year 1661."

How silly can you get? Let's see, that was 310 years ago, and wars haven't stopped since and they won't either. I turned over in bed but I couldn't get to sleep. There was the boy who said his name was "Gypsy." He had troubled eyes. "Your first name?" I asked. "Just 'Gypsy'," he said brusquely, as though it was none of my business, which it wasn't. He was down from Montreal, he said, aged 17. He looked as though something inside hurt him; he said his brother had come back from Vietnam and they were all so glad to see him, only one of his arms stopped at the wrist. He glared at me. "I'm here for him," he said shortly, and turned away.

Well, he's probably cold if he's out there tonight, I reflected, hitching my blanket. When I walked past at noon they were cheerfully sitting, and somebody had left a half burnt-out candle on the sidewalk, and beside it was a vase that was really a bottle, with a sprig of evergreen in it and a faded rose. Now how can people do things like that on the White House sidewalk. Why do people behave that way? Why can't people be normal like other people? And let people sleep at night?

The war is all over—everybody knows that; Mr. Nixon has got into the habit of speaking of it in the past tense. The Thirty Years' War was from 1618-1648 and the German peasants lived underground and ate rats and were glad to survive; and the Vietnamese have had war too, now, for 30 years. Americans speak tragically about the cost of the war, 45,000 dead, $120 billion spent, veterans' benefits ahead that will last 100 years. But for the Vietnamese nobody knows how many are dead and there simply is no count of the number of orphans. American herbicides have sprayed about one-seventh of the land area, and when one of our big 7½-ton Daisy Cutters comes down with a whump it clears an area the size of a football field in dense jungle, suitable for helicopter landings, and it turns anybody in the area, friend or foe alike, into hamburger steak. Mr. Nixon has resumed bombing. Nobody protests.

Next month Mr. Nixon is expected to announce plans for withdrawal of all the ground combat forces in Vietnam, ending next Spring, leaving only residual forces of maybe 30,000 to 50,000; also artillery and helicopters and those Daisy Cutters, and he is probably turning the unused defoliants—a couple of million gallons of them—over to the South Vietnamese. They are pretty toxic but it hasn't actually been proved that they produce sterility and cancer. So . . . back to sleep. What if a still, small, protest continues at the White House with a candle? Why can't those kids grow up?

Dammit, the electric blanket is unplugged.

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# To and Beyond The Summits

By a fateful and unhappy coincidence, the death of Dean Acheson and the announcement on the same day of the President's mission to Moscow, following his Peking trip, light up the diplomatic landscape, revealing the way we have moved in a quarter of a century from confrontation with the world's most powerful Communist nations toward a coexistence based on recognition of mutual interests, from a bi-polar to a multi-polar world. It has been an anxious progression, and we cannot yet see beyond the summits to peaceful valleys. The path to Peking is especially slippery, with domestic politics in China and the United States threatening rock slides at numerous points along the way. For two weeks the world speculated over what suddenly forced Peking to cancel its annual October 1 national day parade, to ground the Chinese military air force, and to keep top officials from view. Even Secretary Rogers wondered aloud over the "possibility" that political turmoil might disrupt plans for Mr. Nixon's visit. Suddenly Peking and Washington simultaneously announced a second trip by Mr. Kissinger, accompanied by two aides who went on his celebrated secret mission in July and specialists in preparing technical arrangements for presidential journeys. A few days later, Chou En-lai went out of his way to identify Mao as personally having invited the American table tennis team last spring. Neither this week's Kissinger expedition nor Mao's initiative was "hot" news; instead, their handling suggested the anxiety of those most committed to this historic event – Mao, Chou, Nixon and Kissinger – to communicate mutual confidence despite signs of political tensions in Peking.

No such tensions confront the President. So far as the Peking trip itself is concerned the latest Harris poll shows that 68 percent approve, as compared with 19 percent who don't, and no doubt Mr. Nixon's visit to the Soviet Union will receive similar endorsement. But the need to strengthen this base of support is shown by the fact that 62 percent of those queried oppose expulsion of the Chinese Nationalists from the United Nations, with 55 percent not seeing the ouster as likely. Compounding confusion, 61 percent expect the China trip to result in diplomatic relations, a move favored by an even 50 percent compared with 24 percent opposed.

The White House strategy for edging into an "era of negotiation"

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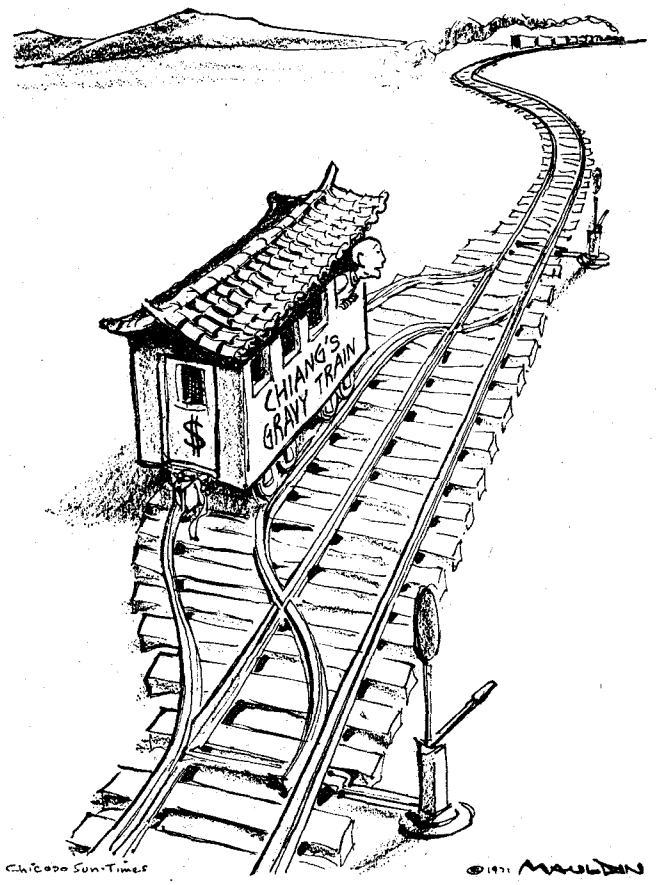
thus accords well with public opinion. Nevertheless, Mr. Nixon cannot safely neglect the continuing education of the public on the facts of international life, including the need for compromise in order to resolve differences peacefully. For example, there has never been any ambiguity in Peking's position on the absolute necessity of awarding the People's Republic the sole seat representing China in all UN organs. Chou En-lai's personal reiteration of his opposition to any variant of a "two-China" or a "one-China, one-Taiwan" scheme has approached the redundant in his interviews with Yugoslav, Japanese, Iranian, as well as American newsmen. The White House understandably has tried to save some of its diplomatic "face" at home and perhaps in Taipei, by pulling still another legal rabbit out of the hat with this year's variant on the "important question" ploy. But that only postpones preparing the American people for the inevitable. The US cannot be the patron of Chiang and the purveyor of good tidings to Peking.

The problem this poses for Mr. Nixon is not insoluble. A nation imbued with the marketplace ethos can adjust itself to the realities of diplomatic bargaining, provided the shared gains are properly defined. Unfortunately, that definition has remained elusive and elliptical in the President's grandiloquent but abstract references to what benefits lie in normalized relations with the People's Republic. The need to address this question is suggested by a Gallup poll of late August which showed 56 percent of Americans believing China to be a "greater threat to world peace for the next few years" than Russia. The White House can take comfort that this fear has fallen from a 1967 high of 71 percent, reflecting Secretary Rusk's vivid imagery of "a billion Chinese armed with nuclear weapons"; but not great comfort: ten years ago, only 32 percent saw Peking as a greater menace than Moscow. The President has zigzagged between the courage of his July announcement of the Peking summit and the caution of his August decisions on the UN seat. In broken-field running, there is always the hazard of a fumble. He ought to abandon game plans and accept the responsibility of aspiring simultaneously to be world statesman and President. The wide acceptance of the trips provides the basis for leadership in redefining for the '70s the prerequisites for a more stable peace in the Pacific and in Europe.




*"Oh, well – I'm still on board."*

Propaganda from Peking which ritualistically attacks "US imperialism" and hails "the heroic Vietnamese, Laotian, and Cambodian peoples" in their "struggle for complete victory against US aggression" complicates the President's task. Yet, he has not been put off by similar language on Radio Moscow, as shown by his persistent pursuit of agreements on arms limitation, Berlin, an Arab-Israeli detente, and most recently European force levels. As for the war in Vietnam, it is almost wholly a US-Indochina problem; its solution cannot be found in Peking or Moscow, and neither can its cause.

In short, there is nothing to stop the administration from spelling out why there is little to be feared and much to be gained from restoring traditional relations with Peking and collaborating with Moscow on matters of urgent mutual concern, even allowing for the costs and concessions which must be made. Any historic policy shift requires explaining, but ready support for a new China policy is available from religious and civic leaders, as evidenced by the "Background Paper" just issued by the Board of Missions of the United Methodist Church, as well as longer studies sponsored by the National Committee on US-China Relations. Prestige-laden conferences, the most notable of which is the Third Fund for Peace Convocation in New York, October 28-29, are preparing the climate for change. While the Pentagon Papers and summer vacation diverted attention, major hearings by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the Joint Economic Committee elicited a favorable consensus of views from American scholars on China. Their position was reflected more widely in a petition signed by 110 professors of Chinese affairs which called for the People's Republic as the sole legitimate representative of China in the UN. Public assent to the winding down of the Cold War is there, if the administration chooses to mobilize it.

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# Wages, Prices, Profits

Wage and price controls under Phase II, according to administration analysis, will be aimed at bringing inflation down to about half the rate of the last two years; that is, a rise in consumer prices limited to between two and three percent, at an annual rate, by the end of 1972. This goal in turn, after allowing for productivity, implies restricting annual wage advances to an average rate of 5 or 6 percent, against the 12 percent won in union contracts in 1969 and 10 percent in 1970. Clearly, the success of the plan requires labor's cooperation, which, for the moment, the President has won. Keeping that cooperation after the 90-day freeze ends on November 14 and a new system of regulation gets underway will prove more difficult.

In the first place, with merely 3000 employees of the Internal Revenue Service available for policing, the chances are not bright for holding in line the literally trillions of prices charged by six million nonagricultural business concerns around the country. Even in World War II, when there was a powerful patriotic motivation for compliance, violations abounded and actual price levels kept moving well ahead of the level of official price ceilings, despite the best efforts of the Office of Price Administration. The job of enforcement can be made to appear easier by reiterating the popular myth that disciplining a few giant corporations and a handful of giant unions will effectively discipline the economy. But the inflationary push has not been led in recent years by prices and wages in the auto, steel, machinery or other conspicuous industries; it has been led by the fees for services – of physicians, dentists, other medical services, auto repair, haircuts, dry cleaning, entertainment and such – which together account for more than 40 percent of all consumer expenditures. Some two and one-half million concerns sell services, in addition to another two million selling food, clothing and other retail goods. The patience of workers with rigid wage restraints would be quickly exhausted if in these sectors similar price restraints were widely ignored.

Secondly, Phase II calls for no restrictions on profits, which the administration claims are abnormally low. Actually, profits are now rising very fast; after-tax earnings in manufacture went up by 22 percent from the first to the second quarter of this year, and their continued advance will be accelerated by the new investment tax credit. True, Treasury Secretary Connally has promised to roll back prices in industries in which "windfall" profits appear. But the concept of windfalls has thus far defied clear, empirical definition, and rolling back prices in industries in which individual firms are very differently situated will probably prove impractical. The administration has also pledged to keep a systematic watch on interest and dividends, but will trust for the time being to voluntary rather than mandatory compliance. Given the delicate treatment of business income and the rather loose provisions for policing prices, it will not be surprising if labor gets the impression that it has been honored with an extraordinarily generous share of the national burden of stopping inflation. And if labor gets that impression, Phase II will fail.

Outright failure can be averted, over the next year or two, by strengthening the facilities for enforcement, assigning sufficient personnel to watch specific industrial segments of the economy in each geographical area. Profits should be subject to a control at least roughly comparable to that imposed on other incomes. We would favor an excess profits tax, modified by partial credit for investment in certified areas of public need, such as pollution control, environmental improvement, the training of the unskilled unemployed, or the housing of low-income families.

# Order and Attica

We are taken to task in this issue (Thomas K. Dalglish in *Correspondence*) for our earlier comment on the uprising at Attica, which ended with 42 dead. We submitted no brief then in defense of how this riot was handled; we have none now. But the "astounding" assumption on which our opinion rested was that the legal order in the United States is legitimate and entitled to sustain itself. The law may be flawed and the penal system is certainly flawed, and to that extent the order achieved is unsatisfactory. But the legal order established under the American Constitution, though in need of numerous improvements, is infinitely preferable to lawless disorder, and for this reason, if no other, indispensable and worth defending. That is our "astounding" assumption.

It follows that to argue about whether Governor Rockefeller had authority to grant an amnesty is not to miss the point, but to insist on law as the instrument for limiting the power and governing the actions even of governors. If it is pointless for a governor to worry whether he has the power under law to grant a general amnesty, it will be equally pointless for him to worry whether he has the power under law to round up a bunch of troublesome radicals and fling them in a concentration camp. It follows also that people who are in jail for robbery, murder and the like, as were the prisoners of Attica, are in no intelligible sense political prisoners. The causes of crime have always been and continue to be obscure. Some of them have to do with racism and with other forms of man's inhumanity to man, which we ought by concerted social action to ameliorate and, if we can, abolish. Whatever the causes of crime, however, when a person commits one, he must be brought to book, and, until we dis-

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cover something else to do with him and summon the capacity to do it, put in jail. That is the nature of all government under law that men have ever known, and the alternative to it is anarchy or the police state.

In addition to the original crimes for which they had been jailed, the prisoners at Attica murdered a guard, beat and imprisoned other guards who despite casual assumptions of their moral iniquity had not been convicted of any misdeeds by any acceptable process, bullied and terrorized fellow prisoners, and murdered three of them. This was done at a time when a new corrections commissioner had proposed and was working to put into effect certain reforms – not, of course, all reforms desired by the prisoners, but then not all reforms desired by prisoners are consistent with the unavoidable and unpleasant discipline of a prison system. However just some demands for prison reform are, violent revolt cannot be accepted as a method for obtaining it, except on the hypothesis that prisons as they now exist had as well be abolished. That hypothesis, in turn, is unacceptable because it carries with it the abolition of the criminal law and the substitution for it of general domestic war.

## Arms Peddling

While investigating US aid to Pakistan, Senator Edward Kennedy (D, Mass.) turned up some valuable facts about our weapons supply system. In the process he got a first-hand lesson in protocol and the bureaucratic prose he calls "boiler-plate language."

It began when the State Department sent Kennedy a letter on April 20 stating that the US has not supplied any "lethal end-items" to Pakistan since October 1970: "Nothing has been delivered following this decision nor is anything in the pipeline under this decision." That letter came as a response to news reports that Pakistani soldiers were relying chiefly on American weapons to repress the Bengali independence movement. The department further declared that a "modest program of cash and credit sales" had been curtailed and that delivery had been stopped for other "nonlethal military end-items" (including such trivials as airplane parts and ammunition). "We have been informed by the Department of Defense that none of these items has been provided to the Pakistan government or its agents since the outbreak of fighting in East Pakistan March 25-26, and nothing is presently scheduled for such delivery."

Then on July 22 *The New York Times* said two Pakistani ships, the *Padma* and the *Sunderbans*, were on their way home with fresh military supplies from the US; the *Sunderbans* sailed from New York May 8 laden with parts for armored trucks, and the *Padma* was due to sail that week with aircraft, parachutes and spare parts for military equipment. When the smoke cleared, the State Department had readjusted its phrasing to agree with fact, and there resulted a "clarification" of policy. When they had spoken of "nothing in the pipeline," officials said, they were referring only to lethal weapons (which had been banned since 1970). Licenses for "nonlethal end-items," if issued before March 25, would still be honored. The goods on the *Padma* and *Sunderbans* had been licensed before the cut-off and were therefore fully consistent with policy. Among the nonlethal supplies aboard the *Padma* were 2000 rounds of .22 caliber ammunition. Later the government explained that arms-shipping licenses are good for one year, and that outstanding licenses would allow about $2.3 million in arms to flow to Pakistan until March 25, 1972 – the day the last one would expire.

The official decision was not to invoke a "formal military embargo"; this was why State could not revoke the outstanding licenses for military parts; to do so would destroy the "productive political relationship with the Government of Pakistan" and drive it to other suppliers. John Sipes, director of the office of Munitions Control at State, suggested in Kennedy's June 28 hearing that in the phrase "nothing is presently scheduled for delivery" the Defense Department must have been using a slightly different, more technical definition of the word "delivery" than the ordinary one. Kennedy thought the phrasing was misleading; Sipes agreed that it could be.

The latest twist in events occurred at Kennedy's October 4 hearing, when the senator produced two photostat contracts signed by officers in the US Navy and Air Force and countersigned by Pakistani embassy officials. The Air Force document, dated April 12 at the top and June 1 at the bottom, agrees to sell Pakistan $9 million worth of airplane parts. The Navy agreement, signed by the head of the military sales branch on June 15, promises to supply $1000 worth of explosive minesweeper cartridges. A validation stamp rates it "approved for implementation, July 20, 1971."

Kennedy charged, and the State Department later acknowledged, that these were two of ten contracts solicited by the Defense Department and signed by Pakistani officials since March 25. It is standard procedure for branches of the military to offer to procure military goods for other governments from our own defense stocks or from commercial suppliers. These agreements, written in contractual prose as "letters of offer," are binding except "under unusual and compelling circumstances" when the US decides it must cancel. In these ten cases, the State Department says, the contracts cannot be fulfilled until the Pakistan arms freeze is lifted: they were written with that understanding. Meanwhile, the State Department has told the Pentagon (orally on July 2 and in writing August

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12) to stop issuing the offers.

When newsmen questioned State Department spokesman Charles Bray III about the letters of offer, he said he was "at a loss" to explain the military's behavior. No doubt it was nothing more than a case of bureaucratic momentum. Perhaps the supply machinery has at last ground to a halt and the flow of arms to Pakistan has truly been limited to the licenses issued before March 25. But Kennedy's probing has brought to light a worrisome aspect of the military assistance program. Not only is the US a global weapons procurer, but once it has found a customer, it finds it almost impossible to give him up. Far from giving the US leverage, the policy leads to a kind of indentured servitude.

# One for O'Brien

A routine meeting of the Democratic National Committee last week was transformed into the hottest intra-party set-to since 1968. The regulars won a symbolic victory; the reformers lost when Patricia Harris was elected temporary chairman of the credentials committee for the 1972 national convention. She got 72 votes; her opponent, Sen. Harold Hughes of Iowa, got 31. The significance of the contest lies in the influence the temporary chairman can have in disputes over the seating of delegates in Miami.

All the guarantees of full participation in the selection of delegates and of fair representation – mandated by the Chicago convention and spelled out in the McGovern-Fraser Commission guidelines – will be tested first by the credentials committee and ultimately by the national convention itself. In preparation, the party has adopted an elaborate set of challenge procedures, but these only apply to states where the delegation is picked at least 70 days before the convention. More than 20 and possibly 40 states will not meet this deadline. In these instances, the temporary chairman of the credentials committee is empowered to establish challenge procedures, and before the committee meets, to appoint hearing officers to investigate disputes. The character, reputation and skill of the temporary chairman will be put to a series of demanding tests.

Senator Hughes was the only candidate to announce for the position. *His* credentials were impeccable. As governor of Iowa, he had headed an *ad hoc* commission to examine delegate selection processes and report to the '68 convention. That commission, which included Julian Bond, Rep. Donald Fraser of Minnesota, and Yale law professor Alexander Bickel, concluded that "state systems for selecting delegates to the Democratic National Convention display considerably less fidelity to basic democratic principles than a nation which claims to govern itself can safely tolerate." Hughes then played a major role in the adoption of the convention resolution which established the McGovern (now Fraser) Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection. Though personally blackballed for the chairmanship by Hubert Humphrey, Hughes served on the commission and his performance was exemplary.

It is unusual for a senator to seek a bruising party job. But Hughes had long thought that unless the reformers were given a fair shake in Miami the party's presidential nomination will be worth little. No one questioned Hughes' firmness or integrity; indeed, those qualities made him suspect to the regulars; you don't handle Harold Hughes; he's too big for that. His supporters claimed, and the claim was not disputed, that his presence in the chair would go a long way to assure equitable, orderly procedures. His record was such that he could have virtually laid to rest the possibility of a serious, post-convention Fourth Party movement led by dissident Democrats of the open politics school.

None of this was persuasive to Mr. O'Brien. So although precedent favored the senator from Iowa (in 1968, Gov. Richard Hughes was the chairman of the special equal rights committee to enforce antidiscrimination guidelines, then stepped up to chair the credentials committee in Chicago), Mr. O'Brien took the position that party harmony has required someone with no prior association with reform, thus Mrs. Harris. She is intelligent but was not troublesome to the regulars in 1968. She is a former dean of Howard Law School and was US Ambassador to Luxembourg during the Johnson administration. She has an independent mind, but not alarmingly so; at any rate, it was Mr. O'Brien's judgment that she would prove more "reasonable" than Hughes. Mrs. Harris declined to seek the job but indicated that she "would be pleased and honored to serve, if elected by the DNC." O'Brien turned her campaign over to Al Barkan, chief political operator of the AFL-CIO, who with the help of the DNC's professional staff, went to work. Nobody's arm was safe.

Barkan and O'Brien had several advantages. The 110 members of the national committee are, often as not, elected as a reward for party service; many have virtually lifetime tenure. A large number of current members were appointed before or during the 1950s. There is no member of the DNC under 30, and only a handful are under 40. Barkan's pitch that Hughes was too much in league with reformers and young voters got a sympathetic hearing.

In addition, most DNC members believe that the best way to settle controversies is to follow the lead of the national chairman. The structure of the committee also helped: each state and territory casts an equal two votes; Guam can offset New York and Puerto Rico is equal to California.

O'Brien's choice of a black woman handicapped

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Hughes' effort. In a year when underrepresentation of women and blacks is likely to be a major issue, it was hard to oppose Pat Harris – though an impressive list of blacks did back Hughes, including Julian Bond, John Conyers, Channing Phillips, and John Cashin, but not Mayor Hatcher of Gary. Hughes' black female supporters included Fannie Lou Hamer and Rep. Shirley Chisholm, who placed the Iowan's name in nomination. Senators McGovern, Harris and Muskie all supported Hughes. Hubert Humphrey declared his neutrality, though no one believed that Al Barkan was acting without Humphrey's approval, and the two Minnesota votes on the national committee predictably went to Mrs. Harris.

In a final gesture of power and pique, O'Brien threatened that both he and national treasurer, Mr. Strauss of Texas, would resign if they lost. When the balloting was over, O'Brien proved he (and organized labor) could deliver the votes.

One Muskie supporter who worked hard for Hughes said, "I don't understand Larry O'Brien. He hasn't been able to overcome the issues that divided us in 1968. Harold Hughes would have solved that problem for him, and the Fourty Party idea would have been set back at the same time. All he managed to do last week was draw the battle lines more clearly."

## The Big Get Bigger

A year and a half ago, General Electric bowed out of the computer business, and the other day so did RCA. This leaves IBM with control of 70 percent of the industry, a monopoly position that must be the envy of General Motors, which struggles along with only 50 percent or so of the automobile market, or of US Steel, Dupont, Alcoa and others plagued by three or sometimes even four healthy competitors. Not that there's much price competition left in our major industries; prices are administered, not governed by the alleged free interplay of supply and demand, and have an uncanny way of soaring no matter which way business winds are blowing.

In computers, IBM has long been the dominant force as administrator of prices. Competition from General Electric, RCA, Honeywell and several smaller companies did produce some new products, improvements in service, and even some price cutting, but these benefits of competition are dwindling and may soon disappear. Barely a year ago, RCA had challenged IBM, introducing a wide range of new models. Its withdrawal from the field indicates the futility of sparring against a behemoth as firmly entrenched as IBM, and will send even more customers scurrying to IBM for fear that other competitors may fold.

## Labour and the Common Market

# Saying No to Europe

*London*

The last steps are now being danced in the long drawn out political minuet over British entry into the Common Market. The Labour Party – as everyone predicted but as virtually every European socialist bitterly regrets – came out by a massive majority during its annual conference at Brighton against accepting the entry terms Prime Minister Heath and his Conservative government secured at Brussels last June. Through at least the voice of its leader, Mr. Harold Wilson, the Labour Opposition has now pledged itself to oppose not only the necessary initial parliamentary authorization for British entry into Europe but also to fight "clause by clause and line by line" the whole welter of consequent legislation that the government will need to get passed if it is to achieve its target of signing the Treaty of Rome by January 1, 1973.

Yet if anything the Labour Party's conference decision has confused rather than clarified what was always supposed to be a great free-ranging national debate on the European issue. Although the decision for "No Entry On Tory Terms" was taken by a margin of five-to-one at Brighton, it by no means commands unanimous support among Labour's parliamentarians at Westminster. Up to 70 of Labour's 288 MPs are openly threatening to vote with the government at the end of the preliminary "in principle" debate in the Commons due at the end of this month. With the Labour Party's deputy leader, Mr. Roy Jenkins, at their head they represent not only a very welcome addition of strength for the government chief whip (the Conservative majority in the Commons is only 26 and there are certain to be at least a score of Tory defections) but also a formidable and embarrassing challenge to Mr. Wilson's authority over his own party.

Mr. Jenkins' position has, however, become an impossible one. It is not merely that he disagrees publicly with his leader – although that in normal times is no more permissible for a deputy party leader in British politics than it is for a Vice President in the United States. Far more fundamental is the degree of Mr. Jenkins' isolation from rank-and-file opinion within his own party. The margin by which Labour's pro-Marketeers were trounced at the party's annual conference exceeded all their worst fears. They knew from the beginning that they were not going to make much headway against the massed block votes of the labor unions but even among the constituency representatives – the foot-soldiers of the party – Mr. Jenkins and his allies could only secure under a quarter of the vote.

Of course their task was a daunting one. With the Common Market debate now increasingly a matter of a sharp division between the parties any Labour MP

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who is for Europe – like his opposite number, a Conservative MP who is against it – risks the charge of being a "quisling" or a "fifth columnist." Unlike that unhappy band of comrades, the Labour Party, the Conservatives try to avoid public brawls –but the way in which arm-twisting pressure has been applied to anti-European Conservative MPs over the past few months has demonstrated that the Tory whip's office would have had little to learn even at the feet of Lyndon Johnson.

The tragedy is that it was not, in fact, necessary for the European debate to take place in this kind of way at all. Mr. Wilson, a committed advocate of British entry into Europe when he was prime minister, would certainly at one stage have settled for a "free" or unwhipped vote on the European issue in Parliament. It was the prime minister, Mr. Heath, who refused to countenance any such arrangement – hoping, no doubt, that he and his party would profit electorally from the all-too-evident rifts in the Opposition ranks on the Common Market question. Those rifts may have turned out to be deeper than anyone anticipated – but in a curious way they reflect the state of British public opinion far more faithfully than does Mr. Heath's passionate pro-European commitment. The government is still having a bad time with the public opinion polls. Although they started to move in favor of Europe during the summer, the swing has now halted and indeed has started going back the other way. Hanging around Mr. Heath's neck is the preelection pledge that he gave that he would never take Britain into Europe "without the consent of the British people." That consent on all the available evidence is still being withheld – by a margin of something like 10 percentage points in most of the polls.

It is this, above anything else, that explains the majority of the Labour Party's *volte-face* on the European issue. Knocking away at the back of Mr. Wilson's head is the notion that he can somehow bring down the government on the Common Market and thus force an election – which in a time of raging inflation, record unemployment figures and soaring prices he would stand a very good chance indeed of winning. Never a politician for the long haul, Mr. Wilson has become almost mesmerized by the sparkle of the short-term tactical prize that he has persuaded himself lies almost within his grasp. But Mr. Wilson and Labour's solid majority of anti-Europeans may be risking more than they realize. Although they have acquired some strange support among the more aged traditionalists in Britain, the one group that is most firmly ranged against them is to be found among voters between the ages of 21 and 25. It is a trend that seems likely to continue. At its first debate this term the student debating society at Oxford University (the Oxford Union) passed by 453 votes to 196 a motion declaring that it would "join the Common Market on the terms recommended by Her Majesty's Government." All the heavy guns on both sides were there – and in its own way it was perhaps the most encouraging sign for the future in what otherwise has been a not particularly edifying spectacle of British democracy at work.

**Anthony Howard**

## The Nixon Watch

# Out of Phase

Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, October 5, four of Mr. Nixon's advisers forgathered with him at the White House. They were Treasury Secretary John B. Connally; Chairman Paul McCracken of the Council of Economic Advisers; Herbert Stein, a Council member, and George Shultz, director of the Office of Management and Budget. In their capacities as members of the Cabinet-level Cost of Living Council, the body the the President had set up to administer his 90-day freeze of wages, prices and rents, they had been working since August 15, when the freeze was announced, to devise the "strong, effective follow-on program" with which Mr. Nixon intended to keep the national economy under control for as long as he deems necessary after the initial freeze ends on November 14. Although his advisers were reluctant to admit the fact, in fear that the elaborate and publicized consultations with labor, management, consumer and other groups that had followed the August 15 announcement would be made to seem an empty farce, the President had in mind at that time and had outlined to his planners the essentials of the system he expected them to recommend. As he indicated publicly on September 16, he wanted it to be concentrated on the control of wages and prices "in major industries"; to operate so far as possible with the voluntary cooperation of labor and management; and, in the predictable event that voluntary cooperation would not always be sufficient, to be administered from the top by an official body, the Cost of Living Council, with full power to require compliance with the standards set and the decisions made in particular cases by the group or groups established to determine the permissible levels of controlled wages and prices. "This is the direction," he said, "that I have given to those working on the programs."

Three principal issues remained to be resolved at the October 5 meeting, two days before the President was to announce the system to become effective on November 15. They were whether he should ask Congress to add to his present authority, under the Economic Stabilization Act of 1970, to control wages, prices and rents, the power to control interest and dividends; whether he should also ask Congress to

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extend the stabilization act for a year beyond next April 30, when it expires, and thus acknowledge that the country is in for a prolonged period of control; and, the question in most serious dispute among his advisers, whether some sort of "numerical standard" that would at least indicate the degree of increase in wages and prices to be permitted should be announced. Whether to seek arbitrary power to control profits had never been the issue among the President's planners that it was in the press. The President had said he was against it, and that was that.

The chief proponent of an announced numerical standard, Chairman Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve Board, was told that night that the President had bought the idea, though in a highly qualified way. Mr. Nixon himself would not announce a numbered goal or even refer to one in his televised speech. A supplemental "background paper" to be prepared by the Cost of Living Council and issued at the White House in conjunction with the speech would say only that the intended goal was to reduce the annual rate of increase in consumer prices from the present level of around six percent to two or three percent by the end of 1972. George Shultz argued to the very last against doing that much, partly out of conviction and also to make sure that the President understood the risks involved. To declare a target, Shultz maintained, would diminish the flexibility that he considered essential and would also invite a judgment that the whole effort had failed if the target was not attained. Shultz adamantly opposed any public translation of the vague price target into the actual levels of permissible wage and price increases (six to eight percent) that it implied and to this extent he prevailed over his absent antagonist, Arthur Burns. The other two issues were decided without argument. Congress would be asked to extend the stabilization act into 1973 and, in the new version, authorize the control of interest and dividends if, as the President was to say he didn't think likely, the voluntary holddown on which he relied during the 90-day freeze ceased to work satisfactorily.

The President's speech described the new system in a general way. For the gut of what was intended, the source document was the White House background paper. Herbert Stein completed the draft at 1 am on the day of the speech. It was held in tightest secrecy until midafternoon, when others concerned finished clearing it. The paper was distributed thereafter to journalists at background briefings by "White House officials" through the afternoon and early evening but not – unfortunately, as things developed – to the management and labor spokesmen who were briefed by the same officials, in groups and individually, throughout the day. The paper made it perfectly clear, as Mr. Nixon has been trying not to say of late, that the Cost of Living Council was to have complete powers of review and amendment over the basic decisions of the two bodies, a 15-member Pay Board and a seven-member Price Commission, that were to set overall pay and price standards and decide in particular cases whether wage settlements and price changes did or didn't exceed the permitted levels. The Council was to set initial wage and price standards if, as was all too likely, the Pay Board and Price Commission had not had time to do it by November 14. It also was to designate the "major industries" in which management and unions would have to ask prior permission before increasing wages and prices; the larger number that would be required to report wage and price decisions to the Pay Board and the Price Commission and, through them, to the Cost of Living Council and await approval by those bodies; and that much larger number of businesses and employees that would be subject only to spot checks of their wage and price increases.

The controversial nub was whether the Pay Board and the five labor members to sit on it, with five management and five "public" representatives, would have a completely free hand, as George Meany of AFL-CIO and other labor dignitaries had demanded, or in ultimate effect would be subject to the Cost of Living Council and, through it, to the President. This should never have been in question, but it was. Both the White House paper and Secretary Connally, at a press conference the day following the Nixon speech, said in the plainest possible terms that both the Pay Board and the Price Commission *were* subject in fundamental essentials to Council review and control. Mr. Nixon had said on September 16 that he rejected the notion of a completely autonomous wage board. The White House out, the chosen way around this unpleasant fact, was that the Pay Board's decisions in particular cases would not be subject to appeal to the Council. In that area and that area alone, the Pay Board was to be self-sufficient. At a group briefing for Meany and other labor dignitaries on the morning of the President's announcement, and in press briefings, the "White House officials" hammered and hammered at the saving point that the Cost of Living Council would not interfere in specific case decisions. All but one of the briefers ducked the repeated efforts of reporters to get them to admit the plain fact that the Council was to have what amounted to a power of veto over the general decisions of the Pay Board and the Price Commission. At a briefing for TV and radio reporters, Herbert Stein broke the agreed rule of reticence when he was asked whether the Council could "veto the recommended standards." He answered: "They can be vetoed if we consider them inconsistent with the purposes of the program."

That blew it. Apprised of Stein's reply, George Meany declared that he'd been double-crossed and summoned organized labor's moguls to a meeting in Washington to decide whether they would, as they had previously indicated they would, participate in the

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Pay Board and generally cooperate with the President. Shultz and Secretary of Labor James Hodgson tried to placate Meany with the same old word game. Failing, they got Mr. Nixon to scrawl "Okay, RN" on a revised summary of the Council role that said "it will not approve, revise, veto, or revoke *specific* (my emphasis) standards or criteria developed by the Pay Board and Price Commission." I was told at the White House, shortly before Meany announced that he and his labor friends had got their way and would cooperate, that the new language didn't really change anything. If it didn't, there will be hell to pay.

**John Osborne**

# St. Nader and His Evangelists

Ralph Nader's career as a public defender began in 1965 when he published his first book, *Unsafe At Any Speed*, a devastating report on the practices of the General Motors Corporation and its product the Corvair. His celebrity was assured when the press began carrying stories about private detectives hired by GM to scrutinize his private life for scandal. The stories created a lasting image of Nader as something of a St. George, a lone idealist surrounded by venal but vulnerable dragons. His standing has since been materially boosted by a financial victory: last year GM gave him $450,000 in an out-of-court settlement of his invasion-of-privacy suit. It brought about $280,000 after lawyers' fees.

With passing time, Nader's reputation has swelled, and so has his staff. Like many ideas that capture the attention of Congress, aggressive consumerism has become an institution in Washington. When schools go on vacation, Nader drops his lecture schedule and takes control of an army of student researchers who come to the capital to spend the summer. In the past season, his busiest to date, he released reports attacking the following organizations, among others: The First National City Bank of New York, the US Comptroller General, California land officials and landowners, the Agriculture Department, Volvo and Volkswagen, the Environmental Protection Agency, General Motors, the Justice Department, and the White House. If upcoming reports follow the pattern, the next to experience Nader's lash will be the National Institutes of Mental Health, the Communications Satellite Corporation (COMSAT), the National Academy of Sciences, E.I. DuPont de Nemours, and the American Automobile Association.

Nader appears regularly at so many congressional hearings – he testified as often as three or four times a week this summer – that it's become a sign of status to have him present. It's common in congressional office buildings to see him standing outside the committee-room doors feeding quotes to a surrounding circle of newsmen. Attention has focused as much on the man as on the consumer issues that he has become adept at publicizing. Within the last few weeks two book publishers, Arbor House and McCalls, have announced they will be printing Nader biographies in the spring. And a recent issue of *National Journal* devoted 13 pages to a thorough examination of the organizations he has founded, financed, or inspired.

The most formidable of these, the home of "Nader's raiders," is the Center for the Study of Responsive Law, an "educational," tax-exempt foundation established in 1969. The Center experienced its peak activity in the summer of 1970 with 200 student "raiders" working on study projects. Overburdened with the previous year's research, the Center decided to use only 50 volunteers this summer.

Because it is not tax-exempt, Nader's second largest office, the Public Interest Research Group (about six blocks away from the Center), may actively lobby for and against bills in Congress. While the Center relies on students to do fieldwork for its reports, PIRG is staffed by full-time lawyers, writers and secretaries. Legally and officially, the two organizations are independent: the Center collects a $300,000 budget from tax-deductible foundation grants, and PIRG takes its $175,000 directly from Nader's income, which includes the remaining GM settlement funds, lecture fees and book royalties. However, the two staffs are united by the purpose and the style of the patriarch-founder.

There are branches of PIRG in Connecticut and Ohio, and Minnesota and Oregon will soon have their own college campus PIRGs, completely independent of Nader, financed by tuition fees. Other groups in the Nader complex are the Center for Auto Safety (and two spin-off groups), the Corporate Accountability Research Group, the Aviation Consumer Action Project, the Clearinghouse for Professional Responsibility, and Public Citizen, Inc.

Most of these are Nader grandchildren, the offspring of earlier projects which have now been transformed into semipermanent institutions by the staff workers who directed them. However, Nader directly supervises the Center for Auto Safety, now receiving two-thirds of its funds from Consumers Union, and Public Citizen, which he incorporated last March to raise funds for his other projects. According to *National Journal*, Public Citizen solicited $100,000 by mail this summer and hopes to collect $1 million more in a fall campaign.

Nader does his best to prevent this expanding public service complex from becoming a cramping bureaucracy. Executive director of the Center, Ted Jacobs,

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says, "We don't want to set up a pyramid of offices with lines going down from top to bottom. It's our goal to create as many independent citizens' organizations as possible." The object – a laudable one – is to make it easier for citizens to influence the federal government and compete with big business in demanding an audience. To do that, Nader has evolved a smooth system for finding issues, assembling facts, churning out reports, and above all – releasing effective news copy. But there is an important difference between Nader and the other agencies in town, and it is in the freshness of his approach. It's doubtful that any federal creation can ever match the flexibility of Nader and his disciples.

**Eliot Marshall**

## White Militance in Michigan

# Block Those Buses

## by Daniel Zwerdling

*Pontiac, Mich.*

All the tensions of desegregation come to the surface here. You can draw a line where the white blue-collar community ends and the black ghetto begins. But now the North's first major busing program based on de jure segregation is carting 9000 students each day to hostile turf, up to six miles across the city.

Pontiac is a tough factory town – 35,000 of its 85,000 residents work in three General Motors plants on the north side – but its white workers have never been mobilized as they are now. In just two months their antibusing National Action Group (NAG) has gained worldwide publicity by picketing and boycotting the schools, blocking school buses, even chaining nine women to the busyard gates. They've been drawing enormous support from Detroit's white-collar suburbs since a federal district judge ordered metropolitan-wide busing for next fall. Fast becoming the national spokesman for the antibusing crusade, NAG is now pushing a constitutional amendment to prohibit school busing. "I've never seen a group organize the public to a greater extent than NAG," says Pontiac Police Chief William Hanger. "No one attracts bigger crowds, outside of athletic events."

Racial clashes are endemic here. Shockwaves from the Detroit riots hit the town in the summer of 1967 when two persons died during three days of window smashing and arson. White and black communities battled a year later over the location of a new $15 million high school, turning one school board meeting into a chair-throwing melee. Last October the mayor declared a state of emergency and clamped a curfew on the city after blacks shot four white high school students, sparking student-police battles.

City studies warned early in the '60s that black and white communities were becoming dangerously polarized. The black population has soared 60 percent in the last decade; whites have declined almost 10 percent. Today blacks comprise over a fifth of the population; city officials, District Judge Damon Keith found, have deliberately drawn tax and voting districts to keep blacks boxed in on the south side. As expensive subdivisions crop up in rural areas encircling Detroit, Pontiac's professional class flees, leaving behind the poor first- and second-generation Appalachian whites who poured into the auto factories during the '30s and '40s – and the poorer blacks who fled the deep South or Detroit's slums.

Pontiac ceremoniously passed an open housing ordinance in 1968, but whites never expected the busing. "We were just watching it happen in the South, and waiting," says a NAG supporter who turns bolts in the Fisher Body plant. "We should have joined the fight years ago." Under the busing plan, which stems from an NAACP lawsuit, all elementary and junior high students will take the bus sometime during the next four years, making every school 20-to-40 percent black. Teachers are also being shuffled.

"You would have to interview a hell of a lot of people to find anyone who thinks busing is a good idea," says an editor of the *Pontiac Press*, which is losing several hundred subscriptions each month because its editorials support the plan. The local school board has wasted $40,000 in futile court appeals because it fears the busing decision will "cause a white flight that will convert the City of Pontiac into a black municipality." Judging by the "For Sale" signs which

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sprinkle the white north side, it may be right. Most black citizens support the busing, say NAACP leaders, but only as a last resort. And they don't talk out loud about it.

When Pontiac's new buses began rolling out of the GM Coach and Motor Plant in August, local conservatives revived a defunct Concerned Parents organization, which worried three years ago about drugs. They called a rally at the local stadium; 5000 people came. A local attorney, James Wells, gave them a hint of their power: "Don't be afraid to be prosecuted. They can't prosecute all of us," he reportedly said. "Even if they do, as long as we have some white people on the jury you'll never be found guilty." If the courts didn't help, divine law would: when busing is defeated, said a local minister, "the ones who have been silent will thank you a thousand times over."

Pontiac's problems became a matter of national interest when 10 schoolbuses were blown to bits last month on the first day of school. NAG leaders condemned the bombing, which the FBI attributes to the Ku Klux Klan, but the incident provided a spectacular introduction to three days of massive protests. NAG placards proclaimed: "We're fighting for *our* civil rights now," and asked, "Do you smell Communism when one man overrules 99 percent of the people?" Hundreds of parents swarmed early the first school mornings into the streets, blocking the buses for several hours. Hundreds more picketed the schools, but instead of "We Shall Overcome" they chanted the Battle Hymn and the Pledge of Allegiance. "You can't run over the American flag," picketers yelled, walking across the driveways so buses had to unload outside school grounds, forcing children to enter school between protective flanks of riot police with helmets and clubs. At one elementary school, the bus bypassed screaming pickets and delivered its black youths at the back entrance. "If there's anything that grates on black folks' nerves," said one mother, "it's getting in the back way."

The law is on the protesters' side in Pontiac. Police Chief Hanger claims his men used "gentle persuasion and logic" to move demonstrators from the roads; observers say the police did nothing. The police force had told the city where it stood when the Pontiac Police Officers Association voted to contribute $300 to NAG coffers. It later gave an equal amount to the NAACP after Judge Keith ordered federal marshals to investigate. Both NAG and the NAACP tore up the checks. Most policemen covering the demonstrations idled on the sidewalks. That rankled people who recalled how police had previously arrested blacks demonstrating at school board meetings. Hanger remembers that he "heard them [blacks] shouting obscenities at male and female members of the school board. We had to move." During the NAG demonstrations, "if people were picketing or blocking buses we didn't run up and arrest them. That would inflame the situation," Hanger says. "If we wanted to get technical we could have arrested hundreds." Police did arrest the women in chains, who call themselves the Pontiac Nine, and they arrested two women who leaped screaming onto a school bus and two who threw stink bombs, and some others. In one incident captured on television, a black woman driving her child to school slammed on the brakes to avoiding hiting a baby and stroller which a NAG mother had wheeled onto the driveway to halt traffic. When the woman jumped from her car in horror, a policeman intervened. "These people are picketing peacefully," he told her. "Get back in your car." One officer explained how his buddies feel: "When I go home at night and take off my uniform I start counting my kids' bruises. They [blacks] pick on them because their dad's a cop."

NAG insists that its opposition to busing has nothing to do with race. They know, as their attorney L. Brooks Patterson says, that NAG will die if the campaign seems to be white vs. black. In fact, says Patterson, "we've gone out of our way to enlist blacks in the suits we've filed. And we always show that contribution envelopes are signed 'From the white and black employees of. . . .'" NAG opposes the busing plan because it destroys "the neighborhood school system" which is "the American way." Pontiac schools have been busing some kids for years and many parents send their children to parochial schools. But that's voluntary. As NAG clarifies its position, it gets closer to color. "We want to keep our children in our neighborhood school where we know they're safe," says one mother. "Suppose I send my daughter to school and she gets thrown through a window and breaks her neck, or she gets molested or stabbed." Another woman reports her niece "is always getting tampered with. Those [black] boys are very forward."

NAG members enthusiastically tabulate injury counts: their headquarters receives breathless phone calls each day, reporting alleged stabbings or beatings which can be reported to the police. Irene McCabe, NAG's main spokesman, publicly asked for "a picture, an X-ray, anything I can show on TV" to counter a newspaper photo of two black and white children holding hands. A father sent a snapshot of his son bleeding from a head wound.

There were fights in several schools during the first days and some students needed stitches. "You got to know jungle warfare to go to schools these days," says a white student. "If you don't know how to fight you're dead. But there was fighting last year and the year before that. If the busing stopped tomorrow the fighting wouldn't stop.

"Our teachers tell us to Love Thy Neighbor," he says. "I hate mine. Man, I wouldn't mind killing me a few niggers right now."

But in most schools fighting is minimal; even the

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roughest junior high is calm again. The young children don't know what racial hatred means. "I want to go to school but my mommy won't let me," said a seven-year-old girl as her mother picketed the school board. "I miss my friends."

After state troopers moved into Pontiac on the third day of trouble, NAG leaders called off the pickets and the boycotts, which cut initial school enrollment by 40 percent, now down to 12 percent. The buses rolled and the schools remained integrated. But Pontiac's blue-collar whites may have won a victory anyway: they have created a powerful force the community must reckon with. Mrs. McCabe, their leader, has vaulted to national fame. She's 36, blond and the factory workers who give NAG its strength love her figure. She has no political experience but she shows an instinct for leading the organization while giving members a feeling that she is still one of them – which she is. Mrs. McCabe also has a flair for dramatics which is one reason the David Frost and David Susskind and other national and regional TV shows have invited and reinvited her to appear. Sometimes she unbuttons her jacket, twirls it in one hand and butts out her chest to show the flimsy NAG teeshirt ("Bus judges, not our children") which Pontiac citizens are buying by the thousands. The company which produces them also makes "I love the Pigs" teeshirts. Since the first week of protests, Mrs. McCabe has been hopping from magazine interviews to radio programs to two or three rallies scattered around the state, to television shows, dipping into Memphis to meet with Claude Kirk, flying back to Pontiac to picket the school board for an hour. After District Judge Stephen Roth first announced he might order metropolitan-wide busing, every school district in three adjacent counties rented town auditoriums and church social halls where Mrs. McCabe spoke. Nearby Oxford canceled all regularly scheduled Rotary and church club meetings one night so everyone could turn out for NAG.

One night three weeks ago in Oakland County, Mrs. McCabe drew one of the largest crowds in local history. Police can't remember the last time so many men came home tired from the plant and brought their wives, weary from cooking and cleaning, to a night meeting. Once the rally is under way, Mrs. McCabe announces NAG will hold a statewide rally later this month, probably in Detroit's Tiger Stadium, and everyone cheers. A representative from the Iron Workers waves a check his local is contributing to NAG, and Mrs. McCabe descends from the dais and runs up the aisle to kiss him as the crowd roars. Everyone knows how UAW's Leonard Woodcock stopped a Pontiac local from giving $99.99, the maximum union rules allow, to the antibusing cause. Mrs. McCabe quotes the Declaration of Independence to the effect that "it is not only our right but our duty to change things when they get bad" – a quote that Dick Gregory has often used to justify revolution – and then says "Martin Luther King walked all over and he got a lot of things done. This is our civil rights struggle. Right on!"

The busing controversy is a symptom of deeper discontents among Pontiac's working class. If they belong to the silent majority, they are (except for political purposes) its most neglected majority. That explains why the KKK, Breakthrough, Statecraft and other militant rightwing groups flourish in Pontiac. The poor whites don't play any part in the decisions which affect their lives, and the men who make those decisions don't have to live by them. "The white collars, the wealthy people and the intellectuals – bigshots we call them – 99.99 percent of them live outside. They don't live in Pontiac and put up with what we have to," says a NAG supporter. "The politicians always overrule the little people." These workers complain about high mortgages, high prices, grueling hours at the plant ("My kids hardly know they've got a father; he's all day and night on the job," says a NAG mother) and now, their children can't even attend the schools their high taxes support. "Everyone talks about the blacks and how oppressed they are," says one man. "They're on welfare and all the politicans cater to them, while we drag out of bed each morning, make the payments on the car and say what's right with the world. Hell, we're the ones who are oppressed."

These people, whose ticky-tacky bungalows overlook acres of factory parking lots, see an explosion coming. "People around here are saying let's fight busing legally, don't be rash. But let's face it: it has to come to the worst before things get better and it's just about the worst now," says one of the Pontiac Nine. "If they don't stop the busing it's coming to violence. My husband says he fought in Korea for a war he didn't believe in and he'll be damned if he won't fight for freedom here."

NAG's momentum is growing. Hundreds of letters from Ohio, Pennsylvania, a small Texas town, Boston and Korea flood their headquarters, a tiny trailer on the outskirts of town. Folks send money or ask how to form NAG chapters – 40 school districts in Michigan alone already have affiliates. In Macomb County, sympathy boycotts three weeks ago cut school attendance 22 percent.

NAG leaders are trying to devise new tactics to keep themselves in the news. "We'd break the law again if we thought it would help gain our freedom," said one mother who was arrested, but NAG's attorneys have threatened to quit if antibusers don't stick to the rules. Civil disobedience smacks too much of antiwar protests. Last week Mrs. McCabe called a "sleep-in": parents trundled with sleeping bags onto the school board lawn at 4 a.m. and then left to prepare breakfast for their kids and to make the morning shifts. Members are writing letters to congressmen

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urging them to support the antibusing constitutional amendment. "If a congressman won't sign and the power in his district is Wrigley's Gum, then we won't chew gum," says Mrs. McCabe.

Now that NAG is going to devote most of its energies to the amendment, "Our fight will be in the legal and political arena," says Mrs. McCabe, which means that the main actors will change from parents in Pontiac to lawyers and politicians in Washington. "We're not abandoning Pontiac," says attorney Patterson, "but we can't fight this thing for ourselves in Pontiac. It's too big." Mrs. McCabe and Patterson say they plan a trip to Washington to talk strategy with Sen. Robert Griffin (R, Mich.) and Sen. William Brock (R, Tenn.) who have both introduced amendments which would prohibit forced busing. A House version of the amendment is bottled up in committee, but Patterson expects a six-month campaign will get 250 representatives' signatures for a discharge petition needed to force it to the floor. "We can have this amendment passed by the beginning of school next year," he says – passed by two-thirds of Congress and ratified by 38 states.

The reaction in Pontiac suggests what other northern cities can expect. In San Francisco, where 26,000 students are being bused, boycotts left schools 40 percent empty. A district court in Richmond, Va. is contemplating a busing plan which would involve two entire counties. And in Indianapolis, a judge is still deciding how to integrate schools. He has indicated that if white groups will accept, he may limit busing one way from the black inner city to the white suburbs. He'll leave the whites alone.

In Pontiac, "you can't be in favor of integration and not be in favor of busing," says Howard Lacy, the assistant school superintendent. Since the schools are supported largely by property taxes, the schools in poor black neighborhoods suffer while the schools in better-off white areas prosper. Michigan's governor and attorney general will initiate a court suit challenging this method of financing, which California's Supreme Court has already ruled is unconstitutional. Congress, meanwhile, is girding itself for a house floor fight on a bill which would grant special funds to help schools desegregate – including busing, a provision which President Nixon opposes.

Busing *is* achieving a racial balance, but at a price. Pontiac's program will cost $665,000 this year and at least $350,000 more each year until 1977. Partly as a result, school officials have slashed their budget 10 percent – cutting instructional facilities and equipment 33 percent and laying off 112 teachers. All other teachers without tenure must serve on a day-to-day, no-contract basis.

The long-range human benefits will come slowly and painfully. In one junior high in the black ghetto, where whites have come, the walls have been painted and the main office has a new rug.

## Drugs for Hyperactive Children

# The Case of Ritalin

## by Alan F. Charles

Several months ago, *The New Republic* published an article on the use of behavior control drugs for children ("Drugs for Children: Politicians Who Would Practice Medicine" by Harlan Vinnedge, March 13, 1971). The thesis of the article was that cynical politicians manufactured a successful election issue out of an agonizing childhood disorder known as minimal brain dysfunction. According to Mr. Vinnedge, congressmen and other candidates have been railing at the use of drugs for children, primarily Ritalin, although these drugs may be necessary to control the hyperactive behavior which is symptomatic of brain dysfunction, and thus to restore the sick child to a normal life. Mr. Vinnedge concluded by relating his personal knowledge of a ten-year-old Midwestern arsonist, whose preadolescence would have to be spent in jail were it not for Ritalin. The drug is found, as it were, innocent by disassociation. But to infer something about Ritalin's usefulness from a discrediting of its political opponents is to fall into the same

Alan F. Charles *is senior staff attorney for the National Legal Program on Health Problems of the Poor in Los Angeles.*

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trap Mr. Vinnedge warned us against.

The advent of the 1971-1972 school year means a return to the Ritalin regimen for thousands of school children, a great many of them from poor families in ghetto schools. Ritalin is clearly a useful drug; the question is, useful for what? From 1961 to 1970, Ritalin's manufacturer promoted it for use with children who have "functional behavior problems," which largely meant those who behaved in a hyperactive manner. Whether Ritalin *should* be used for that purpose was finally addressed by the Food and Drug Administration in 1970; the agency hesitantly answered "no." The issue came up because the Kefauver-Harris Drug Amendments of 1962 gave to the FDA, for the first time, power to evaluate drugs as to their effectiveness. Before 1962, the FDA was confined to regulating drugs that were unsafe. The task of studying all the drugs marketed before 1962 was assigned to the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council. The NAS-NRC caught up with Ritalin in 1970, and while deciding it was probably effective for behavior problems, also decided that such labeling was too controversial and imprecise. The FDA thereupon ordered the manufacturer to relabel Ritalin "as an aid to general management in the treatment of minimal brain dysfunction, which often manifests itself in the form of hyperkinetic behavior."

What is minimal brain dysfunction? No one really knows. The child with "MBD" (as it is known in the trade) may exhibit hyperactive or hyperkinetic symptoms, but all hyperactive children obviously do not have brain dysfunction. At the very least, it would seem that "MBD" is intended to describe a condition, and not merely a symptom as did the term "functional behavior problems." The importance of the FDA order was in holding that a potent drug which controls behavior should only be used where misbehavior is the result of a medical condition. The FDA was really saying that there are unacceptable risks in permitting drug control of childhood behavior which is unscientifically judged to be abnormal.

Having been forced to substantially limit the labeling indication for Ritalin, however, the manufacturer was not forced to change the tenor of his promotional material to help guide the prescribing physician (and parents and teachers) down this more narrow path. Thus, a recent promotional ad for Ritalin states:

> The term "Minimal Brain Dysfunction" is meant to refer to children of near or above average in intelligence with certain learning or behavioral disabilities, ranging from mild to severe, which are associated with deviations of function of the central nervous system. The characterisitic sign most often observed is hyperactivity. Others include perceptual-motor impairments, emotional lability, general coordination deficits, disorders of attention (short attention span, distractibility, perseveration), impulsivity, disorders of memory and thinking, specific learning disabilities (reading, arithmetic, writing, spelling), disorders of speech and hearing, equivocal neurological signs, and electroencephalographic irregularities.

If it is difficult for the untrained eye to distinguish this description from what might be termed "functional behavior problems," the reason is that there is little distinction to be made. And for the trained eye?

Professor of Psychiatry Richard Pillard, of the Boston University Psychopharmacology Laboratory, said in an open letter to the FDA: "The term 'minimal brain dysfunction' is a poor one and is not, in my opinion, an acceptable diagnostic category upon which to make a treatment decision. It suggests that a child who might have something – anything – slightly wrong with his brain is a candidate for Ritalin." The labeling material quoted above suggests just that.

MBD owes much of its current vitality as a disorder to the public schools. It is usually first identified in the classroom by the failure of the child to conform to the behavioral norms established by school authorities. This is encouraged, to say the least, by the growing practice of inviting certain physicians to PTA meetings, who come with well-prepared lectures and films concerning the condition and, not incidentally, the therapeutic value of drug treatment. A clinic for hyperkinetic children in Los Angeles publishes a guide for teachers in identifying candidates for treatment. The teacher should look for "the little boy who is rather silly and immature and does not do schoolwork up to his expected standard," an "inability to sit still in the class room," "talking out of turn in class," "disrupting the class," "not getting work done in school," "tuning out teachers . . . when they try to give directions," "saying sassy things to the teacher just to show off," "telling tall stories to create an important impression," and "precocious sexual behavior." These criteria reflect traditional classroom values of authority, order and silence, values under severe stress today in schools which are overcrowded, underfinanced and, one might also suggest, obsolete in educational theory and practice. Parents and teachers may want to consider the proposition that it is the schoolroom atmosphere and not the child's behavior which is pathological.

Troubled by the growing use of drugs to control child behavior, notwithstanding the FDA's apparent attempt to narrow that use in 1970, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare last January convened a blue-ribbon panel of experts to look into "The Use of Stimulant Drugs in the Treatment of Behaviorally Disturbed Young School Children." The panel concluded that there are children who are appropriate recipients of these drugs. However, the panel warned, "many children suffer from problems with behavior control primarily attributable to hunger, emotional

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stress, poor teaching and overcrowded classrooms." The use of drugs "clearly is not called for in these cases," they added.

Therein, of course, lies the rub. Even Mr. Vinnedge recognizes that "the actual diagnosis cannot be made" on the basis of hyperactivity alone. The hue and cry today, political or otherwise, is being raised precisely because of a very real concern that the diagnosis *is* being widely made on that basis alone. Again, the HEW panel warns that the "normal ebullience of childhood" is not to be confused with the disorder, that diagnosis takes a specialist who "must comprehensively evaluate the child and assess the significance of a variety of symptoms," and that diagnosis may "require the use not only of medical, but of special psychological, educational and social resources." What of the family doctor, confronted with a distraught parent carrying a note from the school saying that the child will not be allowed to return to class until a calming medication has been prescribed? Nothing in the FDA regulations or the drug's labeling requires that the various perceptual, pyschological and neurological examinations actually be given, or how many of them must be positive; nor that other forms of remedial therapy such as counseling or special classes be attempted before the drug is prescribed; nor even that some inquiry be made as to the nature of the home environment or, particularly, the classroom environment. Nor does the drug's labeling advise the doctor as to the substantial conflict of medical opinion as to the etiology of the MBD disorder and the uncertainties of diagnosis even after a battery of tests. While it is true that Ritalin and other stimulants have a paradoxical calming effect on many children, as opposed to adults, no sound scientific evidence positively associates the calming effect with underlying brain dysfunction. If it did, the drug itself could be used for diagnosis, and the battery of tests would be unnecessary.

Ritalin is a first cousin to the amphetamines, and like the amphetamines is habituating but not a physiologically addictive drug. Its widespread abuse in Sweden and Japan has resulted in its total prohibition in those countries. It has not caught on in the United States yet, but recent testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency indicates that it has gained a foothold. Most evidence indicates that it is not habituating in children, and it is true that the hyperactive behavior for which it is prescribed disappears by puberty. Yet psychological drug dependency is one of the critical health problems of our time. Doctors say that children come to like and depend on the medication, and associate classroom acceptance and success with it. When hyperactivity disappears, does the desire for Ritalin disappear with it? How convinced is the teenager, who was required to take Ritalin to counter childhood stresses, when he is informed that it cannot be used for adolescent stresses? And if, as Ritalin's manufacturer claims, there are two million American children who could benefit from Ritalin, just what kind of generation are we raising? In mitigation of that terrifyingly large figure, it should be pointed out that during the same Juvenile Delinquency subcommittee hearings, the manufacturer admitted that Ritalin accounts for 15 percent of his gross profits, or about $13 million a year.

Other serious hazards which parents should have the opportunity to consider are beginning to come into focus. A former worker at the Los Angeles hyperkinetic child clinic described a telephone call from a mother who said her child had gone into convulsions, and his eyes were rolling back into his head, and did they think she should stop giving him the drug? Doctors Alexander Lucas and Morris Weiss of Wayne State Medical School in Detroit recently reported in the *Journal of the AMA* (August 23, 1971) about newly discovered cases of children entering catatonic states and having hallucinations on Ritalin. According to Lucas and Weiss, "the reactions were severe, dramatic, and very frightening to the families." It is one thing for a competent adult to intelligently decide to take a potentially hazardous drug for medically therapeutic purposes, but it is quite another to prescribe such a drug for children for reasons which may not be primarily medical, without the parents having a full understanding of the confusion over the disorder and the nature of the drug.

It is not sufficient response to say that the FDA approves of all this. If Ralph Nader has not disabused us of blind faith in regulatory agencies by now, then at least it should be pointed out that the FDA is very busy, and sometimes must have problems of drug use and abuse brought to its attention before action is taken. A classic example is the furor over oral contraceptives, another long-term-use drug with hazardous side-effects. Reacting to public and congressional concern, the FDA earlier this year required manufacturers to supply printed material for physicians to give their patients relating strict warnings about proper use of "the pill" and its possible harmful effects, and asked that physicians recognize an obligation to discuss this material with their patients as well. It would seem that, where children are concerned, the FDA should do no less.

**COMING:** Paul R. Wieck reports on his travels with Senator George McGovern

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# Stanley Kauffmann on theater

## Drama at Lincoln Center

The least dramatic event at Lincoln Center in recent months is the Repertory Theater's first play of the season: a revival in the Forum, the downstairs playhouse, of their production of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's *Play Strindberg*. I missed it last season and can now report that it's a modestly amusing comic treatment of Strindberg's *Dance of Death*. Some years ago Dürrenmatt said, "The tragic is still possible even if pure tragedy is not. We can achieve the tragic out of comedy." Perhaps that's why he felt it necessary to put Strindberg's masterpiece in front of a crazy-house mirror and distort it comically.

Dürrenmatt has taken all of his elements (but not all of the original) from *Dance of Death* and staged a marital boxing-match in twelve "rounds." Most of it is fairly bright undergraduate burlesque. The only really cruelly funny moment is after the Captain's final stroke, when he carries on parlor conversation in unintelligible gurglings.

I would guess that the Dürrenmatt play is truly effective – purposeful – if it's performed by three actors who could also do the Strindberg. Here the three are Robert Symonds, Priscilla Pointer, and Ray Fry, whom I hope never to see in *Dance of Death*, so the burlesque seems petty, almost vindictive.

The real drama at the Center has been about the future of the Forum itself, and the Beaumont upstairs. So many articles have been devoted to the issue, I'll just summarize. The Repertory Theater is in bad money trouble, and so, in terms of upkeep funds, is the building itself. This trouble has produced a plan which, in turn, has produced a small culture war.

The Finance Committee of the New York City Council has recommended that the city acquire the building from Lincoln Center for one dollar, turn it over to the City Center group for management, and also invest $5.2 million in revamping the interior as a way to put the whole place on a sounder financial footing. The City Center's plan is to reorganize the interior space: to move the 299-seat Forum to another place in the building, probably behind the upper theater, the Beaumont, which has a large and virtually unused backstage area. The vacated space below would be used principally for three film theaters – plus a film museum – that would operate on a seven-day, year-round basis. (The house is now dark twenty weeks a year.) There would also be rentable office space. Council action on its committee's recommendation is now pending, and those who want to keep the Beaumont as is are battling the City Center plan.

The plan could not in itself be a happy move because the crisis comes from a failure. The Repertory Theater hasn't been making enough money to pay for the building's upkeep. But that alone isn't important; much more important, its artistic record hasn't been high enough to attract enough subsidy, as many artistically successful and expensive projects have done in the past. This crisis is a blow at the morale of the entire resident-theater movement in this country because, like it or not, New York is still the theater capital of the US and this failure in New York can be used as a club elsewhere. Many resident theaters depend on subsidy; and those subsidisers whose enthusiasm may be waning can use New York as a warning signal, if they choose. From this viewpoint, I understand the opponents of the new plan who want to forestall an apparent downgrading of a leading resident theater. But there's much more to the question. In fact, the fundamental matter has hardly been discussed.

Where were all these loud partisans of pure theater art when Jules Irving's contract was renewed? Irving is a very likable and well-intentioned man whose career as artistic director of the Repertory Theater is a record of occasional risings to mediocrity. This opinion is shared, I think, even by some of those who now oppose the City Center plan. Where were they when Irving's contract was renewed – twice? (In 1969 and 1971, to run to 1975.) As usual in American cultural affairs, it takes a matter of bricks-and-mortar to stir up any action.

Irving came to Lincoln Center in 1965 as co-director with Herbert Blau. Blau left in 1967, and Irving managed solo, directing plays occasionally, and his four years have been generally dull. Probably I, too, should have protested Irving's renewals, but by 1969, my hopes for improvement at Lincoln Center, which had begun to weaken in 1966, were wan. (They've been somewhat revived by this new proposal.)

Irving has complained that a tight budget has hampered him, has enabled him to hire only twelve actors as the nucleus of his company. But who have those twelve been? One really good actor, Philip Bosco, some sporadically acceptable actors, and Priscilla Pointer (Mrs. Irving), to me one of the least interesting actresses in New York.

A Committee to Save Theater at Lincoln Center has been formed, headed by Dore Schary, which is in itself a de-

*(continued on page 32)*

## Films Worth Seeing

*Carnal Knowledge*. Jules Feiffer draws the US tail-chasing male with some wit, but it's two-dimensional cartooning. Mike Nichols and Jack Nicholson direct and perform well.

*Desperate Characters*. About today's "forgotten" people, the liberal bourgeoisie. Best film on this list, and best of Shirley MacLaine's career. Frank D. Gilroy wrote and directed.

*The Go-Between*. Thin story of a boy involved in a doomed love affair. 1900 England is exquisite to look at. Alan Bates OK as the man, Julie Christie NG as the woman. Joseph Losey directed, at the top of his fallible form.

*The Hired Hand*. A visual ballad of the Old West, as freedoms faced up to civilization. Sometimes arty, quite often art. Peter Fonda, the leading man, makes a fair directing debut.

*Little Big Man*. Dustin Hoffman, also in the Old West, living contrasting lives with Indians and whites, to the age of 121. Arthur Penn directs well when he drops the blackboard pointer.

*Sunday Bloody Sunday*...Just makes this list by virtue of Glenda Jackson's performance and Penelope Gilliatt's dialogue. John Schlesinger's film of a London hetero-homo triangle travels a long, seemingly purposeful way to very little.

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# Troubadour of Free Enterprise

## Wheels
## by Arthur Hailey

(Doubleday; $7.95)

Arthur Hailey, who has done for hotels and airports (in novels tersely titled *Hotel* and *Airport*) what Jacqueline Suzanne has done for amphetamines and barbiturates, builds the narrative, or secondary aspects of *Wheels* on a series of sudsy posers (or "conundrums," as he might say) which go straight to the pancreas of the gut issues of our time. Can Adam and Erica Trenton "bridge the widening gap" between them and somehow rediscover lost joy – despite his addiction to work and career as "top executive" in automotive Product Planning, her penchant for shoplifing (a frequent symptom in unfulfilled wives of top executives in fashionable suburbs of Detroit) and tendency to wander to warmer climes from the cold matrimonial bed? Can he again become the "tiger" he was on that faraway night under the tropical moon in beauteous Bahamas? Will the breakthrough Orion, sparkling new concept in automotive design and tidal wave of the troubled future, joint masterpiece of Adam and brilliant young Brett DeLosanto, the Michelangelo of the Design-Styling Department – will the breakthrough Orion break through? Can Brett DeLosanto, however Latin, find happiness with Barbara Zaleski, however Polish, despite the opposition of her father Matt, automotive Assistant Plant Manager and tough production man who despises popinjays and other artistic types? Can Brett reconcile the conflicting claims of Art and Commerce? Can Barbara, a "full-bodied, long-limbed" 30-year-old virgin, reconcile those of love and a career in Advertising? Can Adam, while Erica strays elsewhere, cross the racial reef and find consolation if not something more enduring in the arms of black, beautiful Rowena, savage as a jungle cat albeit a high school teacher of English who quotes Cervantes – and who in a moment of repose between wild embraces quips "Ugly is Beautiful," thereby planting in Adam's eternally questing mind a revolutionary new concept in automotive design, code-named Farstar? Will Smoke Stephensen's shady manipulation of his car dealership drive Adam's sister Teresa, young widow and mother of little ones, to penury? Torn between the ethical requirement to divulge Smokey's crookedness to the responsible company officials and his duty to protect his sister's investment, what will – what *can* – Adam do? And when, dear God, will Ralph Nader shut up and go away? These are only a few of the myriad conundrums.

The proliferation of overlapping and interpenetrating subplots is, rather like the internal combustion engine they celebrate, cancerous; but they are not the true pith of the book. Hailey's most devoted readers, one senses, are the sort who don't read novels except those certified as "informative" and "educational"; whose highest praise for the novels they really cherish is that they are "very educational." ("Stories" are for women and children.) They own full sets of encyclopedias, feeling they owe them to their children; they want hard facts; they read articles in trade journals and biographies of military commanders. They've had enough damn nonsense to last them a lifetime. As novelists go, Hailey – and Drury, along with a few others – is their man; men's writers.

A creator or sub-contractor of a genre that might be called the brochure-novel, Hailey is essentially a researcher to whom nothing mechanical and organizational is alien; possessed of exactly the right temperament for his sort of book – in love with the way things are put together and operate, mad about detail and structure, and wild to tell you about all the marvels of modern technology he's swotted up most recently. This is no plodding hack, resentfully going about his onerous labors because he's been commissioned to do so; on the contrary, this is a drone enamored of his onerous labors, the on-scene reporter who can't wait to get to the plant with the morning and night shifts because he can think of few things more utterly engrossing than the functioning of a tremendous automobile factory at model changeover time. When Hailey, invoking the Homeric voice he calls upon only for the most highly charged moments, envisions as in a dream the stirring to consciousness of that great slumbering heart – "Detroit, Michigan – the Motor City, auto capital of the world – was coming awake." – the emotion, we know, is unfeigned. We know because there are some things you simply cannot fake.

In fact, daytime serials aside, Hailey's abiding passion is expended upon the imperium of cars from conception through production and distribution, including brochures, technical manuals, job descriptions, data sheets – the whole works from conveyor belt to board room. Nothing happens that fails to incite him to an illustrated lecture. Action stops, the magic lantern is rolled out, charts are brought in, a press conference is called, question-and-answer periods are arranged, and we are instructed up to our eyeballs. Do you want to know what a teardown room is and what takes place there? Hailey will cheerfully roll out of bed in the middle of the night to tell you; actually, he contrives to march a couple of his characters, with scarcely a pretext let alone a reason, into the room so he can demonstrate its mysteries.

So with Product Planning and Design-Styling, Sales, Merchandising and Public Relations, Manufacturing and Distributing, Labor-Management Relations and Personnel, Finance and Business – there is no reason why, with this book in hand and a little venture capital in pocket, you can't become an auto magnate yourself. Hailey even tells you how best to conduct industrial espionage; and when, bloated with a surfeit of information, you begin to feel the man is next going to tell you everything there is to know about the bookkeeping problems involved in the garnisheeing of wages, he does just that. By way of compensation, he also performs a real public service, in fact two, by disclosing some of the confidence tricks new-and-used car dealers use, and by advising you not to send your complaints To Whom It May Concern but directly to the home addresses of the moguls, whose addresses are available courtesy of *Who's Who*. *Wheels* is nothing if not a useful book.

With all but a very few of his characters, Hailey is all heart. Some people have more human weaknesses than others, but even they have their good sides. Nader – who unfortunately does not appear though he provides much of the atmosphere, so to speak, in which

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the action unfolds – is a mostly ignorant publicity hound who runs over at the mouth and, layman that he is, fails to understand the technical arcanum best known to designers and engineers, the real professionals; but even Nader sometimes means well, and despite himself *has* hastened some changes in attitude that may not be at all to the bad. He reserves his deepest affection and respect, however, for Brett and Adam – the Michelangelo of Design and the Leonardo of future-planning, respectively; the twin poles of the great globe itself. Of the possible choices of life style that Hailey provides, Brett decides to leave the industry to seek his salvation at the easel. He'll always, he says, be "nutty" about cars; will go on revering the great Designer-Stylists; but the world needs painters also. Adam, the vessel of the book's final wisdom is sorry to see him go; but after wavering for an instant, he "votes for Detroit." We knew the issue was never seriously in doubt. The fateful moment with its curtain lines must be allowed to stand in proud isolation. Here it is. "As Adam saw it, a good deal was wrong with the auto industry, but there was a great deal that, overwhelmingly, was right. The miracle of the modern automobile was not that it sometimes failed, but that it mostly didn't; not that it was costly, but that – for the marvels of design and engineering it embodied – it cost so little; not that it cluttered highways and polluted air, but that it gave free men and women what, through history, they had mostly craved—a personal mobility." Then his wife tells him she's pregnant. His life is filled to bursting.

If this doesn't give Mao and Chou something to think about, nothing will. Hailey, Detroit's advance man and troubadour of free enterprise, has now done it for hotels, airports and wheels. There is no reason why he should not go on to do for Mixmasters or Frisbees what Hesiod did for agronomy.

**Saul Maloff**

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PETER CAWS *teaches philosophy at Hunter College.* JAMES FINN *is editor of* worldview, *monthly journal of the Council on Religion and International Affairs.* SAUL MALOFF *is the author of the novel* Happy Families. HERBERT J. MULLER, *whose next book,* In Pursuit of Relevance, *will be published in November, teaches at Indiana University.*

# Not Women's Lib

## Life of Ibsen
## by Halvdan Koht
## Translated and Edited by
## Einor Haugen and A. E. Santaniello

(Benjamin Blom, Inc.; $17.50)

## Ibsen
## by Michael Meyer

(Doubleday; $12.95)

Henrik Ibsen was not a pleasant man. Neither are a number of his plays. But there was greatness in the man as there is in his plays. These biographies, but particularly Michael Meyer's, reveal that the person of Ibsen presents almost as many difficulties to one's imaginative grasp and understanding as do the plays.

It is the misfortune of Koht's translators that their edition of Koht's 1954 *Life of Ibsen*, a version not previously translated into English, must contend with Michael Meyer's biography. Koht was a younger contemporary of Ibsen, a fellow countryman who met the aged playwright and talked with his relations and friends, a respected historian and an Ibsen scholar. His book has both the advantages and limitations these credentials suggest. In his preface, Meyer pays tribute to Koht's book – "the foundation stone for any new study of Ibsen" – but he then goes ahead to build on that foundation stone. And what he builds is of no small proportions. Meyer, whose good translations of Ibsen's plays are gradually displacing older and less satisfactory versions, has constructed a large edifice with room not only for the facts of Ibsen's life and those of his family and associates but for solid background information about the various linguistic, political, theatrical and literary questions in which he became engaged; not only useful information about the actual writing of the plays and Ibsen's actual or probable sources, but also about their production and reception in various countries up to 1970. This life is not only a work of admirable scholarship; Meyer gives the critical opinions of others but his own sound, shrewd judgments are also present.

Strong contradictory impulses lived uneasily in Ibsen. Because of the conventionality of his social behavior and the unconventionality of his thought, Meyer compares him to Goethe. But he also writes that "Ibsen was, like Milton, Dickens, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Shelley, Carlyle, D. H. Lawrence and Joyce . . . monstrously egocentric and frequently cruel." He also charges Ibsen with being, on occasion, hypocritical and cowardly. The incidents to support these charges are not lacking. There is the youthful Ibsen in love with Rikke Holst but, faced with her irate, fist-shaking father, turning tail and running. There is the mature Ibsen, slightly drunk, teasing a caged-in dog, poking at him with a cane until he becomes enraged. There is Ibsen being asked by Laura Kieler, his model for Nora in *A Doll's House*, to clear her name of false, public charges made against her – which he could readily have done – and refusing. There is Ibsen cursing the state, exalting the individual and calling for the revolution but, faced with actual revolution, turning away, supporting the conservative government of Norway and complaining that the state was not severe enough. And there is of course, through all this, the Ibsen who contacted his illegitimate son never and his family not for many years after he left home.

But Ibsen was also an intense, passionate man, generous on occasion, who

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developed fleeting romantic attachments to a number of young women yet maintained a strong if unromantic attachment to his wife, who had a deep though narrowly circumscribed intelligence. All that this implies in his character he put in the service of his art with a fierce, occasionally doubt-ridden but unswerving determination. (When asked why he didn't volunteer for army service when, in his own words, he "raged and scourged" his countrymen for not aiding the Danes in the Dano-Prussian war, he answered "We poets have other tasks to perform.")

When he died in 1906, in his seventy-ninth year, he had performed the task of the poet as he understood that task. He had a number of significant failures in his life and powerful detractors, but his triumphs were greater and he had gained the support of some of the most percipient critics then writing in England and Europe. He had swept aside rigid theatrical customs and had transformed the consciousness of modern theatre goers. In these terms his accomplishments were tremendous. But today? What meaning does this playwright who upset our grandparents and great grandparents have for us? More than we have yet uncovered, more than we are ready to acknowledge.

My first introduction to Ibsen was *An Enemy of the People* and I still remember clearly after the passage of more than twenty-five years the shock of encountering "the minority is always right," expressed with strong approval. In my limited view, acceptable "great writers" did not propose such unacceptable truths. I recall, too, Ethel Barrymore's comment when asked about performing *Ghosts* during the closing years of World War II. "What we don't need at this time" – I paraphase from memory and evoke the splendid, portentous tones – "is a play about syphilis." We now smile condescendingly at the fatuous idea that *Ghosts* is *about* syphilis, that notion being sufficient for the less sophisticated of our forebears; but such views are a long time dying. There are still people who wish to treat *A Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler* as if Ibsen were an early enlistment in Women's Lib. There is nothing Ibsen would have scorned more, as his verdict on contemporaries who were so tempted makes clear, and nothing less justified by the progression of his plays. Meyer quotes a reply Ibsen gave at a banquet in his honor given by the Norwegian Society for Women's Rights:

"I have been more of a poet and less of a social philosopher than people generally tend to suppose. I thank you for your toast, but most disclaim the honour of having consciously worked for women's rights. I am not even quite sure what women's rights really are. To me it has been a question of human rights. And if you read my books carefully you will realize that. Of course it is incidentally desirable to solve the problem of women; but that has not been my whole object. My task has been the portrayal of human beings."

In many different ways Ibsen elaborated that last statement when he spoke of his work to friends, critics, directors, actors. He turned aside comments that were intended to compliment him for his insight into social and political questions, for his creation of great roles for actresses and actors, for his understanding of current philosophic problems. He was a poet and it was the movements of the soul that interested him. His artistic life is one long attempt to perceive ever more closely, ever more acutely, these movements as they manifest themselves in various ways great and small, political or domestic, personal and societal.

More than with most writers there is a relation between each of Ibsen's works, a succeeding play often seeming to work out a strand of thought insufficiently explored or apparently rejected in the previous play. Thus, knowledge of the Ibsen corpus helps us to grasp better each of the individual plays. Meyer is always helpful and often brilliant as he traces this development, relating it to Ibsen's external circumstances and making venturesome forays into the private life of the poet. The result is a long, solid, fascinating study of a great poet, some of whose resonances are yet to be appreciated.

Resonance! Both stage and cinema have taught us to listen to the silences in plays. In different ways, Beckett, Pinter, Storey and others have taught us well. Those silences exist in Ibsen as well. As we are able to pay less attention to the frequently creaky machinery of the plays, less attention to the social questions, we are increasingly able to "hear" these silences, to appreciate that Ibsen always held something in reserve.

**James Finn**

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# Ascent Towards Freedom

## Freedom of the Mind and Other Essays by Stuart Hampshire

(Princeton University Press; $9.00)

*Note: Peter Caws reviewed B. F. Skinner's* Beyond Freedom and Dignity *in our last issue. Here he discusses a view of freedom and of autonomous control which offers a contrast to Skinner's behaviorism.*

Baruch Spinoza, the apostate Jewish lensgrinder of Amsterdam, probably came as close to a true understanding of himself and the world as any man before or since. This sounds presumptuous if it is taken as a kind of grading of Spinoza, the posthumous award of an A+ in philosophy; but a critic of literature or the drama can judge of a work that it is excellent even though he could never hope to write anything approaching it, and something of the same sort is true in philosophy. Almost anybody who really gets into Spinoza is overwhelmed by him, by his serene lucidity, the largeness of his imagination, the strength of his argument. Not that he is free of inconsistency or vagueness; the usual academic debates and dissertations find plenty of nourishment in his work, but its overall impact is monumental and convincing.

Outside the universities, however, he is not widely read; his is not the most likely name to encounter, for example, in an airport bookstore. Yet one need not be a philosopher to approach him: he speaks directly to the ordinary man, beset by the problems of the world and by the passions of the mind and body (the "human bondage" that Somerset Maugham borrowed as his title from the *Ethics*), and moreover to *contemporary* man, since Spinoza is essentially a modern. In spite of our portentous feelings about our own history there is nothing in it that he would not, in principle, have understood, and he would have understood particularly well the malaise of fragmentation, loss of identity, and so on. Unlike some of his contemporaries, who argued that man belonged to two completely different realms, bodily or material on the one hand, mental or spiritual on the other, and who generalized this into metaphysical dualism, he thought that the double character of man and the world indicated not two things but two aspects of one thing. For him therefore it is futile for the mind to seek to control the body; rather the whole person comes to understand and hence to be able to modify his own behavior.

The difference here is slight but crucial; it consists in a displacement of the idea of the subject, from its being in the one case an inhabitant of the body to its being in the other just that about the body that enables it to be aware of itself, to learn and alter its own motives and habits. Raised to the highest level, on which it deals not with limited beings like ourselves but with infinite being, which is God, this view maintains that God did not create the universe, or nature, as something other than himself, but that he is nature in its intelligible aspect, just as nature is God in his material aspect. The attitude that tends to accompany these beliefs is one in which violent oppositions of one thing to another, whether of persons or nations or doctrines, are regarded as aberrations in the order of nature, to be understood and surmounted rather than pushed to the point of rupture. It is in understanding and surmounting that we realize our freedom, a freedom from all forms of human bondage, even from death itself in so far as it exerts a hold on us. "The free man thinks of nothing less than of death, and his wisdom is a meditation, not upon death, but upon life."

I make these reflections an integral part of my review of Stuart Hampshire's new book because although the putative unity of the essays in it, as set forth in the preface, is more abstract, it comes over in the end as a kind of one-man *Festschrift* for Spinoza. Hampshire's devotion to Spinoza is of long standing, and his philosophical manner rather resembles Spinoza's.

For what he engages in genuinely is a patient work of the intellect, not perturbed by considerations of local strife or private perplexity. Spinoza himself thought that the way to handle the local and private was in a sense to ignore it, to rise above it to the universal and eternal; his doctrine of the "intellectual love of God" means not a sort of bespectacled worship but an attachment to the unchanging as an object of contemplation. There are plenty of indications that Hampshire works from a position something like this. One of them, slight but telling, is his way of describing what he is doing by phrases like "I take myself to have been expanding Prop. 22 of Book I of the *Ethics*," or "I am, or take myself to be, specifying the implications, and the method of confirmation, attached to uncriticized, ordinary statements about human emotions of the most rudimentary kind."

"I take myself to be," used in such contexts, expresses a reflective detachment rare even in philosophers. As a rule our statements about what we are doing are uncriticized and ordinary, and we have a stubborn certitude about them, as though our own emotions and intentions were perfectly clear, at any rate to ourselves. But there is an important tradition in philosophy, whose most obvious recent exponents are Gilbert Ryle and Jean-Paul Sartre (although it has roots that go much further back), which suggests that we learn about ourselves in much the same way as we learn about other people, i.e. by watching our reactions to various impulses and events. The old witticism about the man who was asked what he thought and replied "How can I know what I think until I see what I say?" is to be taken quite seriously. Ascent towards freedom of the mind consists in finding out how the mind-body system works, in general and in particular – what its causal mechanisms are, how it is likely to react under different circumstances. It is not that one then manipulates the mechanism as something external to the will, but that the reflexive knowledge thus acquired becomes incorporated into the mechanism and modifies its future behavior.

Hampshire is concerned to show that this is what Spinoza already knew and that this reflexive control is what he meant by freedom. The resulting philosophical position he calls "self-conscious materialism," and it proves a remarkably consistent and satisfying way of looking at the facts about human experience. It accounts, for example, for the fact that people sincerely express beliefs and feelings that they could not even have entertained if they had not been taught the language in which they express them. It explains

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why, even though freedom is a mark of the human, theories that make it the essence of humanity are so implausible, since "freedom is at the best only intermittent and partial, and the general condition of men, as parts of nature, is one of fantasy and of passion determined by unconscious memory and therefore by conflict and frustration." It makes possible an elegant and convincing theory of sentimentality, as the state in which one not only perceives and understands one's feelings but makes at the same time a certain kind of judgment about them: "the man whose regret or despair is a sentimental regret, or a sentimental despair, is the man who thinks of his own state of mind, however disagreeable in itself, as a praiseworthy or agreeable fact about himself. . . . Sentimentality is a further form of the doubling of self-consciousness, of the mind's tendency to turn back upon itself in reflection. It is incompatible with any integrity, or undividedness, of thought and feeling." Plain self-consciousness *is* compatible with integrity, although it need not be spontaneous or "sincere," where by "sincere" is meant a kind of fidelity to the natural and unreflective self – a sentiment for which Hampshire has little sympathy.

I have not meant to suggest in the foregoing that Hampshire is just expounding Spinoza, only that his thoughts are compatible with and seem at times to grow out of Spinoza's. But the thoughts I have been commenting on come from just a few essays in his book – four, in fact, out of the 14 it contains, amounting collectively to about 90 pages. I wish they could have been published together in a small pocket edition and sold at the airport bookstores I mentioned earlier. As it is these essays are accompanied by others, some published in rather recondite professional journals *(Mind, Analysis)* as early as 1949, which, while they represent serious philosophical work of great competence, and converge upon the general topic of the description of mental states, or states of persons (ourselves or other people), do not have the lucidity and approachability of those I have been, indirectly, discussing. One can imagine how this came about. Hampshire left Princeton a year ago to go back to Oxford, where he is now Warden of Wadham College. His connection with America had been more intimate than that of most of his British philosophical colleagues; rather than showing up sporadically as a visiting professor or lecturer to astound the natives with the latest subtleties, he settled down for a number of years, served as chairman of his department, and was elected president of the Eastern Division of the American Philosophical Association. It must have seemed especially appropriate to the Princeton University Press that it should publish, as it were on his departure, a collection of his writings, and enough had to be collected to make a proper book. In fact the essays I have drawn attention to were written, with one exception, for specifically American occasions: the title essay was given as the Lindley lecture at the University of Kansas, "Sincerity and Single-Mindedness" was given as the Howison lecture at Berkeley, and "A Kind of Materialism" was Hampshire's Presidential Address to the APA.

The fourth in this group, "Spinoza and the Idea of Freedom," was a lecture to the British Academy. I think that the public nature of their occasions must have been responsible for the exceptional clarity of style and the exceptional accessibility of content that mark these essays. Hampshire writes with elegance in any case, but as examples of philosophical prose at its best and most intelligible these would be hard to match. So it is a pity, in a way, that

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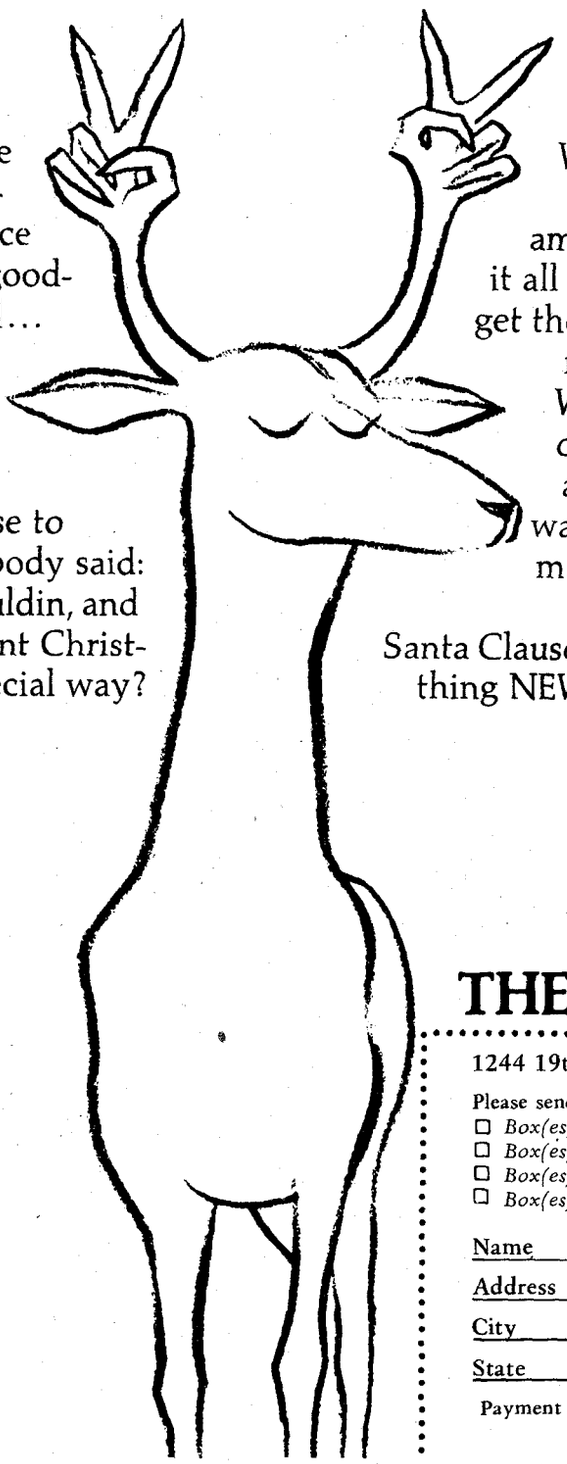

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they should have been diluted with the earlier, as yet uncollected, material; the scholars could have looked that up in the journals, if they had wanted to, while the general reader will find it, on the whole, forbidding. The book is a mixture of the specialized on the one hand, and the communicable – although not of course without a certain amount of work on the reader's part – on the other. This poses a general problem with respect to what might be called the public responsibility of professional philosophy. People do need to be exposed to philosophical ideas – there are not so many wise men among our contemporaries that we can afford to forget the wisdom of our predecessors – and they need to get these ideas from people who have really understood them and not from popularizers. When, as in Hampshire's case, a philosopher writes well enough to be understood but at the same time seriously enough not to oversimplify, ought he not to reach as wide an audience as possible? Hampshire's earlier book on Spinoza was published in England as a Pelican book, i.e. in a popular nonfiction series with a large readership; *Freedom of the Mind* will not, however well intentioned its publisher, get nearly that distribution, in part because of the uncertainty as to its genre. The University presses can hardly be expected to address the masses; as to the commercial publishers, they of course know their market, and their heavy publications tend to go right back to the University bookstores.

Who, then, outside the educational system – which gave up on the attempt long ago – will take the initiative in getting correct ideas to the people? The echo of Mao here is not unintentional; his solution may not appeal to us, but at least he recognized a problem, to which the pluralistic answer that there are no correct ideas is totally inadequate. It was not, after all, only the understanding of the learned that Spinoza wanted to improve, not only the academics that he thought capable of freedom.

All of which is a roundabout way of saying that while *Freedom of the Mind* is a splendid bit of professional work – and indeed I have not done justice to the rest of it – it contains something even more valuable, and that in leaving this buried the format and organization of the book have, it seems to me, missed an opportunity.

**Peter Caws**

# Notable

## The Radical Therapist
by Jerome Agel

(Ballantine; $1.25)

A movement of radical therapists sprouts in a cold North Dakota winter, takes root in Berkeley and Cambridge and begins to spread. This collection of essays is from their journal and "rallying ground," *The Radical Therapist*, and other sources, and elaborates upon their manifesto: "Therapists by training, what we have been taught is increasingly irrelevant, and even destructive. Our notions of therapy are obsolete: elitist, male-centered and obsessional. Our modes of practice are often racist and exploitive. Clinging to concepts often outmoded and rarely questioned, we insulate ourselves from the society around us and support the status quo. The therapist in this society is safe: he lives near the top of the heap, pursuing moneyed comforts, influence and prestige, while the rest of society is racked by violence and war. He buys land and boats while others die in the streets. Therapy today has become a commodity, a means of social control."

Viewed in this manner therapy unavoidably becomes a question of politics, a power relationship between people, one up, one down, helper and helped. The philosophy behind it will bruise liberals who have struggled to convince society that the mentally "disturbed" are really "sick," just like victims of TB – when mental "problems" have nothing to do with illness but are legitimate responses to a sick society which makes conflicting and absurd demands.

These therapists don't practice their skills in "dump hospitals" the refuse heap for troubled poor, but in "communities" like London's Kingsley Hall, Ronald Laing's innovation where patients and therapists decide their own roles. Sometimes a visitor doesn't know who is who. Instead of prescribing shock therapy and drugs to jolt the patient from a lifestyle and attitude which society finds unacceptable, they allow patients to define themselves – to regress to infancy, to skip treatment, to suck bottles if need be, to refind their origins and build themselves up again, in their *own* image. How? – sport political buttons, jolt the department chief. Form an Insane Liberation Front (it's


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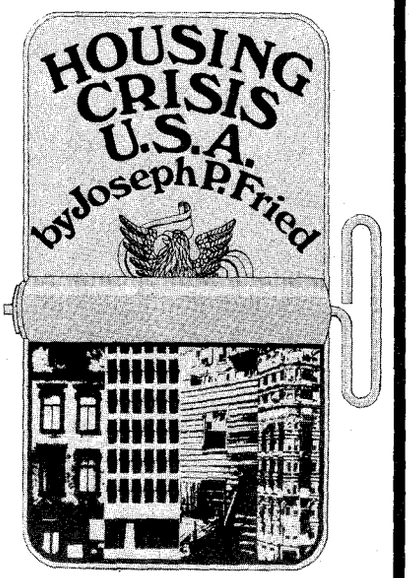


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already been done) or, if your hospital won't clean patient's sheets, "Call the media for a urine-dumping ceremony on the boss' desk."

## With Justice for Some
## Edited by Bruce Wasserstein and Mark J. Green

(Beacon Press; $12.50)

This collection of essays by activist young attorneys generates more hope for the future of the legal profession than for the future of the nation. The writers have tried to make the system work for people without power or money. They suggest a variety of reforms, without appearing to believe the reforms will do much good. Thus, Fred J. Hiestand, a CRLA lawyer, cites numerous legal victories won by his agency on behalf of the rural poor, but confesses it will take far more than a war on poverty or "a thousand CRLA's" to remedy the basic causes of income disparity. David P. Riley writes of the efforts to restrain corporate power through anti-trust laws, federal regulation and shareholder democracy, but concludes that government as now formed cannot do what must be done. Robert C. Fellmeth lists a dozen ways to reinvigorate the regulatory process, but in the end can offer no escape from the traps: how can government be used to control and redistribute economic power when economic power controls the government?

What gives the book value is the consistent quality of the contributions and their unifying theme: a progressive intellectual movement is struggling to find a populist power base. Young public interest lawyers are a prime component of this movement. If they fail to stir the nation it will not be for lack of energy or vision.

## Two Islands: Grand Manan and Sanibel
## by Katharine Scherman

(Little, Brown; $7.95)

How sad it is that Katharine Scherman cannot add to her name a lot of degrees and titles which declare her to be a natural or social scientist. Nor has she written a book which will appeal to an easily defined audience or "market." An essayist, a woman who doesn't even want to call herself a naturalist, all she has to offer is a lively and sensitive mind which can convey its thoughts and observations to the reader in direct, uncluttered prose. She has a thirst for travel, and an obvious interest in finding some rest from our noisy, abrasive world. In this book she offers us what she has seen and heard and learned about two islands, Grand Manan, situated off the northernmost tip of Maine, at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and Sanibel, which lies in the Gulf of Mexico at the tip of Florida. She loves both pieces of land, however different they are. Grand Manan, she tells us, was uninhabited until 1784, when loyalists from the Colonies in flight from our "revolutionary" government and all it stood for, came there. (Thousands of them had fled to English Canada.) Ever since then people have struggled to make do under far from favorable circumstances. The island is constantly drenched by rain, covered by fog. The coast is rocky, the tides dangerous for boats, the ocean's currents fierce and relentless. Yet those few miles of land possess a loveliness, and we learn of it – the woods and beaches, the places of shelter and the stretches of wildness, where ocean and sky seem to be twin agents of some unfriendly god who takes the presence of anyone human as a challenge.

On Sanibel, of course, the visitor can rest easier, except during the hurricane season. The island is a tropical one, lush and warm and a contrast indeed with Grand Manan. Coconut palms, mangrove forests, long stretches of shell-crusted beaches, bays and inlets and lagoons and swamps, marsh-birds in the air, millions of shrimp in the sea – one is certainly far away from New England and Canada. Still, for the author of this book both islands have in common certain things: on both it is possible without much effort to be alone, really alone; and it is possible to see and appreciate the heritage nature has given us.

Today there is a special poignancy to this book. Islands like Grand Manan and Sanibel are virtual curiosities, a lingering example of what it was like when our nation was less crowded, less ambitious to build things and achieve something called "industrial growth." Voices of concern will be raised, and maybe with some success; but the author of *Two Islands* seems to have little hope that the natural beauty she has enjoyed for so long and taken such pains to describe in this book will remain intact for long. So, wistfully and with grace she does her best to give them to us, two islands as they were and might continue to be – except for "civilization."

## Books Do Furnish a Room
## by Anthony Powell

(Little, Brown; $5.95)

This is the tenth volume of Anthony Powell's *roman fleuve, The Music of Time.* Anyone who hasn't read Powell before will probably be confused by the references to names and incidents in the earlier, gossipy parts of the book. Narrator Nick Jenkins operates as an unimpassioned observer recording the lives of minor figures from the English aristocracy and upper middle class in the years after World War I. For the most part, Powell doesn't make heavy emotional demands of his characters; he presents them as ordinary people suffering the common plagues of self-delusion, arrogance, diffidence and ambition. Yet by careful selection of detail, he refines each general type into a convincing personality. The title is taken from the nickname of one of its central figures: Books-do-furnish-a-room Bagshaw. "Books" Bagshaw is a heavy drinking professional rebel, an all-purpose journalist who possesses "that opportune facility for turning out several thousand words on any subject whatever at the shortest possible notice: politics: sport: books: finance: science: art: fashion . . . ." After winning the editorship of a small journal called "Fission," he hires Jenkins to be his book editor, drawing the reluctant novelist into London's narrow, competitive literary society. Jenkins must cope with the eccentricities of the magazine's novelist-reviewer (named X. Trapnel), while keeping his distance from one of its owners, an old character named Widmerpool. The latter, a perennial "hellbore" of Powell's work, suffers his most devastating social beating to date.

The only plot to be found is in the progress of intrigue around Widmerpool's wife – a beautiful, tough, sour nymphomaniac. Yet with or without plot, Powell is attempting to capture a way of living that cannot expect to survive for long. If for nothing else his work is notable as a sophisticated study of Britain's upper crust.

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# Reconsiderations

## The Culture of Cities

In his Preface to the 1970 edition of *The Culture of Cities*, first published in 1938, Lewis Mumford is not modest. While acknowledging his indebtedness to earlier writers, especially his master Patrick Geddes, he declares that his book was "so far in advance of current thinking" that he had unhesitantly reprinted it without altering a word. I should say at once that Mumford is essentially right. *The Culture of Cities* was a remarkable pioneering work, and it remains a highly provocative study of what the city has meant in history, what it has become in our time, and what ideally it ought to be. Mumford's views are now familiar to students of it, but they are still so far in advance of the thinking of "practical" men that one may doubt that George Romney or Richard Nixon could even understand him.

*The Culture of Cities*
by Lewis Mumford

Now available from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $5.75.

Originally published by Harcourt, Brace in 1938.

And so his book can be pretty depressing. Since he wrote in alarm, the American city has steadily deteriorated. While the disintegrative tendencies he dwelt on have gathered strength, it has been plagued by such new problems as smog, the spreading black ghettos, and the immense migration to the suburbs that has helped to bankrupt the central city. Early in 1970 a big conference of mayors, city planners and assorted specialists agreed not only that the sixties had been a disaster for the city, but that the seventies promised to be even worse. Authorities declare that it would cost at least $100 billion to save the American city, and who can imagine our government authorizing such a program?

The facts of urban life today may be more depressing because of the utopian in Mumford. Repeatedly he glides from statements of what we "must" do to what we "will" do, in the new order "that is to come" or "already" is on its way. "We have now reached a point," he declares at the outset, "where the fresh accumulations of historical insight and scientific knowledge are ready to flow over into social life," and to assist in the necessary preliminary task of transforming our whole civilization. Toward the end he casually brings up as not only a possibility but "indeed another necessity" such a whopping job as "the universal rebuilding of cities."

Yet Mumford's visions of ideal possibilities are a primary source of the value of *The Culture of Cities*, as of his many later works. We can do with more utopianism in a society swarming with "realists" whose chief credential is short-sightedness. Also, his is for the most part a considerate utopianism, describing real possibilities. Always he starts off with a thoroughly realistic account of what's wrong with our cities, and how they got that way. He gives a vivid idea of how profoundly irrational our economy is for human purposes, in a society devoted to technical rationality and efficiency. What sense does it make that life is getting intolerable in the big cities of by far the richest nation on earth and in all history?

So let us begin – at last – at the logical beginning, the nature and purpose of the city. "Men come together in cities in order to live," said Aristotle. "They remain together in order to live the good life." In Mumford's terms, "Mind *takes form* in the city," where exists "the maximum possibility of humanizing the natural environment and of naturalizing the human heritage." Ideally, then, the city is "man's greatest work of art."

In Western civilization the ideal was for Mumford most nearly realized by the medieval town, an organic growth that was also consciously planned on a human scale. Although it had little inkling of such modern domestic goods as privacy and comfort, it compensated by its ample provision for communal life, usable open spaces and "daily education" of the eye and ear.

Thereafter the ideal was again approached by the Dutch cities of the seventeenth century, which added superior housing. Otherwise the history of the city in the West has been basically a steady deterioration. Mumford summarizes it as a union of "mechanical integration and social disruption," reaching its apex in the modern metropolis. Thus the "baroque" city, symbolized by the avenue, was still in esthetic command, until our own time, but the avenue served primarily for the wheeled traffic of the wealthy and powerful, fashion and military parades. While the city provided amply for the rich, the many poor were condemned to increasingly wretched quarters. It also symbolized such other threats to civic life as the growing dominance of money values and the disappearance of the


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notion of limits – limits on wealth, power, size, growth. Then followed the "insensate industrial town," the foulest environment that man has ever created; it served mainly the purposes of the factory, for which it standardized the slum. The culmination of insensate civic growth – especially in America growth for its own sake, or for the sake of business and real estate values – was "Megalopolis," with its miles and miles of standardized slums, semi-slums and "ineffectual suburbs," with their exclusiveness and meager communal life.

Now, Mumford already had in 1938 a sufficient sense of "crisis" to keep him respectable today, since he thought that the breakdown of the metropolis might well mean the end of our civilization; but he did not sound the now-popular, futile theme that the villain of our piece is science-and-technology. He welcomed the plain benefits of modern technology for both civic and domestic purposes, with particular praise for the modern American kitchen. He had to my mind too high hopes of "scientific" urban planning. For him the major villain was capitalism, which in the Middle Ages began disrupting civic life by making private profit the ruling value, treating land as a mere commodity to be bought and sold, preparing the way for the slum landlord and the glaring failures to provide decent housing for the poor. So he called for a "biotechnic economy," based on life-values, standards of quality, and goals of human development instead of money values, size and quantity, and the goal of economic growth.

Here we come to the utopian in Mumford. "The aim," he wrote in italics, "is not more goods for more people to buy, but more opportunities for them to live: hence only such increases in goods as are instrumental to 'the best life possible.'" He saw a movement toward a biotechnic economy in a slow but deep change in our century, as in public housing projects, slum clearance and greatly increased expenditure on education. His high hopes for the future, and the plans he still suggests for realizing them, rested on the assumption that this movement will triumph.

Well, I hope he is right, especially because I agree that the salvation of our cities calls for rebuilding our civilization. But for the same reason I am not hopeful myself (and my impression is that Mumford is less sanguine today). The ruling values are still money values, blessed by the gospel of free private enterprise. The national goal remains unlimited economic growth, the production of still more goods for people to buy, including more automobiles to increase the congestion and pollution in our cities. One might be heartened by the swelling complaints in recent years about the quality of American life, now so much a cliche that Richard Nixon has picked it up; but there remain reasons for doubting that most of our business and political leaders (including our President) are up to civilized conceptions of quality.

The most I can say is that if we are to retain any hope we should all be grateful for Mumford's contributions. Since he wrote, efforts to save the American city have spawned many books and gained many more adherents. While writers naturally disagree about means and ends, the better ones are like him generally critical of most of what has been done in the name of "urban renewal," especially by the wreckers known as "developers"; they are often critical too of his proposals; but they are no less indebted to his pioneering work. In it he at least forced all the important questions, always with an eye to the reasonable, democratic goal of the fullest possible personal development of all the inhabitants of the city.

In this spirit, may I point to some difficulties Mumford raises in the hundred pages he devoted to his pet idea of the necessity of regional planning. I find rather misty his key concept of the "natural" region. He described it as "a complex of geographic, economic, and cultural elements"; he assigned to "the sciences" the task of discovering and defining it, and to "democratic politics" the task of utilizing it as "a theater of collective action." As a long-time resident of the state of Indiana, I know that it is inhabited by people called Hoosiers, but I still have no idea what makes them culturally distinctive, or how to make out natural regions in the whole Middle West.

Meanwhile we have to deal with "metropolitan areas," which Mumford said are not natural regions: such areas as New York, now embracing some 20 million people living in three states, under more than a thousand local governments. Region or no, it calls for large-scale planning, backed by coordinated, sustained effort – an effort that Washington is capable of for a space program, but that appears virtually impossible for urban programs because of the hopeless confusion of federal, state and municipal agencies, not to mention the notorious backwardness when not corruption of "democratic politics" in most state and municipal government.

Then there is the political difficulty raised by Mumford's reasonable belief that ideally the city should promote both individuation and socialization. While this led him to reject the atomic individualism that has sanctified the rights of private property and made for glaring inequality he was also wary of the potential tyranny of socialism or state monopoly. Nevertheless he risked such tyranny by insisting on the fundamental necessity of collective ownership of the land, with "decisive control" in the hands of "responsible public administrators," adding that this should be "particularly easy" in America because here there are no immemorial privileges of ownership. So far from being easy, it seems to me least feasible in America. I also doubt that it is clearly desirable – and apart from my own pleasure in being a homeowner. Once in the Soviet Union I was everywhere shown proudly by official guides miles of standardized new apartment houses the government was building, and they were uniformly shoddy and drab. I know of no way to assure that the controllers of New York, say, would be both enlightened and responsible.

Finally we have to face the complications inevitably raised by modern domestic life, notably the values of privacy. While Mumford welcomed privacy, especially for sexual purposes, he noted that the desire for privacy, at first enjoyed only by the nobility, heralded the "merciless class-competition and individual self-assertion of a later day," and with the rise of the middle class weakened public interest and the sense of community. Yes. Yet almost all of us cherish our privacy, including a room of one's own. One may suspect that even critics (like Philip Slater) who see in it a prime symptom of the loneliness and alienation of modern man write their books in a private study. Privacy is not necessarily fatal to public spirit or the values of community, but we clearly have paid some price for it. I think that Mumford tends to slight the inescapable costs of city life, the possibilities of alienation it introduced from the beginning.

**Herbert J. Muller**

*Next "reconsideration": Robert W. Kennedy on Frank Lloyd Wright's* The Natural House.

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# Correspondence

## Amnesty at Attica

*Sirs:*

Your lead note "Dead End At Attica" (September 25, 1971) states that "on the whole" you believe Governor Rockefeller's decision not to grant amnesty to the Attica prisoners was "sensible." Unless one accepts an astounding set of assumptions, his decision hardly seems "sensible" at all.

First, amnesty is a decision by government to pardon offenders for what generally are political actions. To argue as the governor does at a mundane and legalistic level (he lacked legal authority, a questionable conclusion anyhow) not only misses the point but is inconsistent as well. Beginning with the racism of the prison system and the social system, which somehow managed to tumble a population of men 85 percent of whom are black and Puerto Rican behind walls, the whole affair was political to the core. . . . The governor must be kidding himself and blind to the facts, to invoke impartiality under those circumstances. To defend his decision on technical legal grounds while the situation is described by him and others in broad political terms is deliberate inconsistency. Further, his correlation of the pardon of prisoners with the undermining of a free society is either blasphemy or a correct apprehension that they are *indeed* political prisoners.

Second, a constitutional government is designed to provide built-in mechanisms for social change. This is one of its theoretical underpinnings. When the purposes of a constitutional government are thwarted by the failure or unavailability of those mechanisms, when just seeking change is made impossible or even nearly so, it is philosophically acceptable to seek other means to accomplish change, and the argument revolves then around the choice of means. The means chosen by the Attica prisoners were reasonable under the emergent circumstances. Later, by not slaying their own prisoners (the hostages) they themselves granted a form of amnesty to the guards. The reforms at Attica were admitted to be long overdue by Oswald himself, and the governor as much as admits the same with his new-found interest in prison reform. Implicitly, the authorities have thus recognized the correctness and timeliness of all but two of the prisoners' demands. Obviously, the mechanisms for change in the New York state prison system had failed. Amnesty, or its functional equivalent, could have been granted as an act of gratitude, if nothing else, for the restoration of the process of change and reform, albeit by unconventional means, to an otherwise hopelessly atrophied system. Prison reform ought not to be so difficult from now on by constitutionally acceptable means, although if that proves impossible, there is always more rebellion. The actions, then, of the Attica prisoners were in the entire context constitutionally and philosophically acceptable, morally necessary, and the governor's legalistic argument fails to meet this argument.

Third, under the circumstances that prevailed prior to the invasion, amnesty could have been granted in the spirit of humanity and forgiveness (though one can say that the Attica prisoners had done little that required "forgiveness"). After all, the authorities were morally wrong by not instituting reforms long before, an error they tacitly admit. To refuse to pardon those who make just demands for reform, who bring about conditions under which the demands can be and are granted, who make it possible for bureaucratic red tape to be cut, and on whose behalf the demands are made in the first place, and indeed to later kill those who do all this is tragically absurd and unjust.

Fourth, to argue, as you seem to, that concessions at Attica ("blanket amnesty") however appropriate, will communicate to others that prison riots regardless of injury will cost nothing to those responsible, is specious on three grounds: a) it exaggerates Attica into an extreme situation ("whatever injury" and "cost nothing") and attempts to use the most extreme possibility imaginable as a basis for developing a general principle to be applied to a specific situation; b) it wrongly characterizes Attica as a riot, senseless and irresponsible at root, correctly exposing those responsible to punishment, which it wasn't and they weren't; c) it places procedural concerns (if we let them get away with it, we'll have to let them all get away with it), however legitimate they may be, above substantive justice (their demands are just and proper and should be granted).

Fifth, governments usually seem willing to exercise their largesse to further law-enforcement functions, as by granting immunity from prosecution to witnesses in exchange for information allegedly helpful in furthering an investigation. If government can grant immunity, it can grant amnesty. If government will forgive criminal behavior, it can forgive political behavior.

*Thomas K. Dalglish*
*Berkeley, California*

*Mr. Dalglish, a graduate of Dartmouth College, received his law degree from the University of Michigan Law School, was an assistant to the president of Central Washington State College and a special assistant attorney general in that state; he has taught constitutional law and is at present a graduate student in higher education at the University of California (Berkeley).*

## Student Vote

*Sirs:*

I read with interest and approval your September 11 lead note on the student vote. As a result of a suit brought by students at Trenton State and Princeton University, more than a thousand Mercer County students have registered at their campus addresses to vote in this year's state and local elections. As the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Princeton Borough (home of Princeton University, Princeton Theological Seminary, and Westminster Choir College), I find myself a presumed beneficiary of this ruling. As your editorial put it, "Given the evident political leanings of many of the young (many more registering Democrat or Independent than Republican), it's not surprising that middle-aged conservative

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politicians and the pillars of local communities might wish to withdraw the welcome." The Republican Attorney General of New Jersey has already indicated his intention to appeal the Mercer County decision.

But having talked with more than 100 of Princeton's newly registered students, I am not at all certain that expectations or fears of a bloc vote are justified. I found only two students who were willing to pledge their votes to me simply because I am the Democratic candidate. I found a great deal of interest, moreover, in local issues, and in particular a desire to see what the individual candidates have to offer. This is an open-minded constituency.

Aside from the constitutional justifications discussed in your editorial, I would like to add what I think may prove to be one of the most important long-range justifications for on-campus voting. Because candidates for local office are going to have to campaign both in town and on campus, a number of artificial boundaries may be broken down. To the university, townies are outside agitators who bring crime, drugs, and other problems to the campus. To the town, it is the freaks and hippies from the college who disrupt what would otherwise be a problem-free environment. Given this system of dual sovereignty, candidates for local office and university administrators can avoid dealing with real problems simply by passing responsibility to the other side. By bringing students into the electorate I hope that we can put an end to this double-buck-pass and get to the real issues.

*Edward Schneier*
*Princeton, N.J.*


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## Koreans in Vietnam

*Sirs:*

I would like to comment on the financial aspect of your October 9 lead note "Money for Men." I served in the ROK as a lieutenant from July '69 to August '70, part of that time on assignment with the ROK Army. The Korean Army pay scale is microscopic – a ROK PFC earns less than $4 and board per month, a ROK sergeant major less than $30. For fighting in Vietnam, the United States paid the RKO government the equivalent of US Army wages, $110 per PFC per month, $1400 per SGM, and so on, for each of the 50,000 Korean soldiers stationed in Vietnam, this in addition to any other bonuses and equipment subsidies. The Korean government passed only a small fraction of this amount on to its men. However, there were other inducements for volunteers. Many Koreans have made their fortunes in US brass and the PX black market, and retire for life after 3 years Vietnam duty. Ambitious young Koreans look on Vietnam as young Americans regarded the West 100 years ago – a place of adventure and possible riches. In this they emulate the Thais, another residual force stationed ceremonially in Korea for the last 20 years, who throng the main Yongsan PX every weekend.

*Edward W. Duffy*
*Ambler, Pennsylvania*

## Kauffmann, *from page 20*

ceptive title because no one has advanced a plan to destroy theater there. This committee pledges continued support "for Jules Irving (artistic head) and his group." Just exactly what kind of theater would they be saving? There's a published rumor that Richard M. Clurman, chairman of City Center, would replace Irving with another director. This seems to me an added reason to support his plan.

Clurman promised (*NY Times*, Sept. 26) that the Forum will be reconstructed as is, so that this (admirable) small theater will be preserved elsewhere in the building. Jo Mielziner, co-designer of the Beaumont, warns that relocating the Forum backstage of the big house will do away with 41 percent of the backstage area and would render the large theater useless for repertory. *What* repertory? The Beaumont has operated as a stock company ever since it opened. Fifty-nine percent of that backstage area seems a reasonable reserve against possible future conversion to true repertory. (Most unlikely, I would guess, because of the tremendously increased expense. Ask Rudolf Bing.)

What would the "desecration" consist of, besides the change of venue for the (intact) Forum? The *Times* (Oct. 1) says the proposal calls for "the construction of a repository for the Henri Langlois collection of 60,000 films." Does the *Times* have any idea of the space that the print of *one* film occupies? A phone call to City Center elicited the following: *no* plans exist to build an archive. A contract has been made with the Cinémathèque Française for access to their collection (which does not belong to Langlois); Langlois, the head of that institute, will be program director here. Three film theaters are planned so that they may show 15 features a day, 7 days a week. The City Center intends to do something like this anyway, elsewhere in New York. Their Beaumont plan could achieve this goal *and* help that theater.

As this article goes to press, the City Council Finance Committee has given the Schary committee 60 days to report on an alternative plan to make the Beaumont theater company self-supporting. Two alternatives have been put forward. One idea is that the city sell the Beaumont to the City Center for $5 million – why would they buy – and use the proceeds for a 10-year deficit subsidy. The other idea is that the city sell the City Center building on 55th St. for $5 million, invest the money, and use the income "to continue the health of the Beaumont and the Forum." *What* health? How blind can knee-jerk Culture defenders be? Why should a building that is wastefully designed, now dark 20 weeks a year, now housing an at-best mediocre company, have this money spent to maintain it and its company? And why shouldn't the Linclon Center complex, which houses theater, dance, opera and concert, also house film?

The City Center offer seems a valid way – in a crisis – to lose little of value, to add something of value, to provide a better financial footing – and to provide a chance to revise the company itself drastically. If the last is not done, none of the rest matters very much, anyway.

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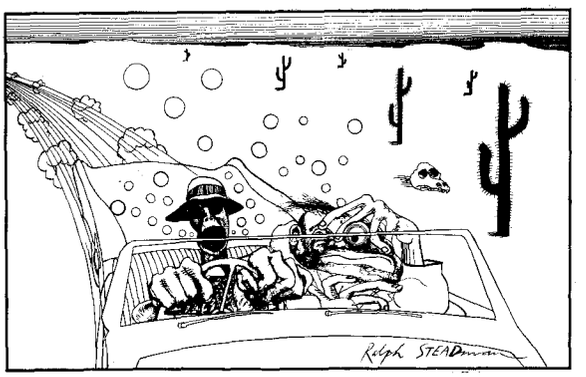
# WE were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the drugs *began to take hold.*

Suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us and the sky was full of what looked like huge bats, all swooping and screeching and diving around the car, which was going about 100 miles an hour with the top down to Las Vegas. And a voice was screaming: "Holy Jesus! What are these goddamn animals?"

Then it was quiet again. My attorney had taken his shirt off and was pouring beer on his chest, to facilitate the tanning process. "What the hell are you yelling about?" he muttered, staring up at the sun with his eyes closed and covered with wrap-around Spanish sunglasses. I hit the brakes and aimed the Great Red Shark toward the shoulder of the highway. No point mentioning those bats, I thought. The poor bastard will see them soon enough.




It was almost noon, and we still had more than 100 miles to go. They would be tough miles. Very soon, I knew, we would both be completely twisted. But there was no going back, and no time to rest. The trunk of the car looked like a mobile police narcotics lab. We had two bags of grass, 75 pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers . . . and also a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.

The only thing that really worried me was the ether. There is nothing in the world more helpless and irresponsible and depraved than a man in the depths of an ether binge. And I knew we'd get into that rotten stuff pretty soon. Probably at the next gas station.

"Man, this is the way to travel," said my attorney. He leaned over to turn the volume up on the radio, humming along with the rhythm section and kind of moaning the words: "One toke over the line . . . Sweet Jesus . . . One toke over the line . . ."

One toke? You poor fool! Wait till you see those goddamn bats. I could barely hear the radio . . . slumped over on the far side of the seat, grappling with a tape recorder turned all the way up on "Sympathy for the Devil." That was the only tape we had, so we played it constantly, over and over, as a kind of demented counterpoint to the radio. And also to maintain our rhythm on the road. A constant speed is good for gas mileage—and for some reason that seemed important at the time. Indeed. On a trip like this one *must* be careful about gas consumption. Avoid those quick bursts of acceleration that drag blood to the back of the brain.

My attorney saw the hitch-hiker long before I did. "Let's give this boy a lift," he said, and before I could mount any argument he was stopped and this poor Okie kid was running up to the car with a big grin on his face, saying, "Hot damn! I never rode in a convertible before!"

"Is that right?" I said. "Well, I guess you're about ready, eh?" The kid nodded eagerly as we roared off.

"We're your friends," said my attorney. "We're not like the others."

O Christ, I thought, he's gone around the bend. "No more of that talk," I said sharply. "Or I'll put the leeches on you." He grinned, seeming to understand. Luckily the noise in the car was so awful—between the wind and the radio and the tape machine—that the kid in the back seat couldn't hear a word we were saying. Or could he?

How long can we maintain? I wondered. How long before one of us tries to turn off the sound and starts raving and jabbering at this boy? What will he think then? This same lonely desert was the last known home of the Manson family. Will he make that grim connection when my attorney starts screaming about bats and huge manta rays coming down on the car? If so — well, we'll just have to cut his head off and bury him somewhere.

Maybe I'd better have a chat with this boy, I thought. Perhaps if I *explain* things, he'll rest easy.

"By the way," I said, "There's one thing you should understand."

He stared at me not blinking. Was he gritting his teeth?

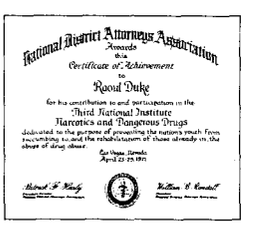
"Can you *hear* me?" I yelled.

He nodded.

"That's good," I said. "Because I want you to know that we're on our way to Las Vegas to find the American Dream."

---

Thus begins a new 50,000 word masterpiece by the famous Raoul Duke, Doctor of Journalism, who was commissioned earlier this year by the Editors of Rolling Stone to cover secretly the National District Attorney's Conference on Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. He returned a changed man.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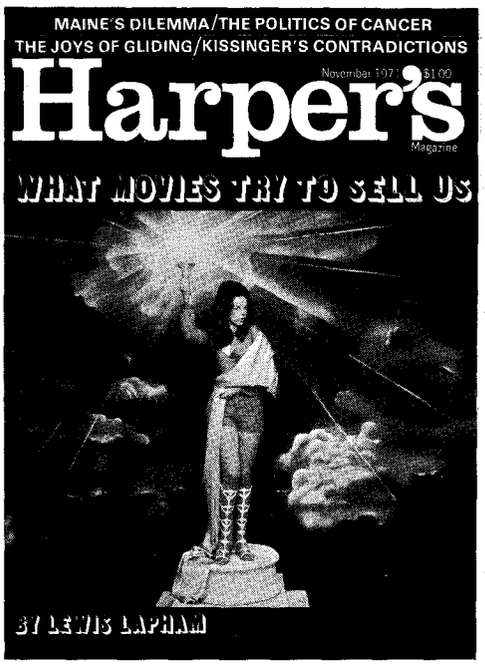
# It's all in this month's Harper's




## Hollywood's Dangerous Game

After viewing the current crop of "important" movies (among them *Klute, Doc, McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, and *Carnal Knowledge*), Lewis H. Lapham gets the rhetorical message. We're all more or less successful criminals—vicious, predatory, incapable of love or of distinguishing between good and evil.

Does this "truth & honesty" reflect our contemporary American society? Or does Hollywood cynically pander to the normal despair of the adolescent ticket buyers? It's a dangerous game in which the film makers could be the first and biggest losers.

For the full report on the vision the movies are trying to sell us, read the current Harper's Magazine.

## Machismo in the Defense Establishment

For two decades the balance of power among nations has been unbalanced. In America's favor. And the most highly prized virtue among men in the defense establishment was toughness. A man willing to recommend violence never damaged his reputation—even when outvoted. Today, the game is too dangerous. The question is, do the managers of our national security recognize that the rules and realities have changed?

## The Cancer Quarrel

Almost the entire medical and scientific community opposes The Conquest of Cancer Act. Yet, it's almost certain to win Congressional and Presidential approval —and a billion dollar annual budget to boot. Why? Mary Lasker wants it.

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## The High Cost of Free Enterprise

John Fischer gloomily predicts that Nixon won't be able to control inflation. The reason? The unrestricted demands of unions and the rigid practices of business have all but killed the free enterprise system.

## I Am George Donner...

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